

# The Sketch



No. 125.—Vol. X.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



LITTLE FOLK AT THE BOTANIC FÊTE IN REGENT'S PARK.

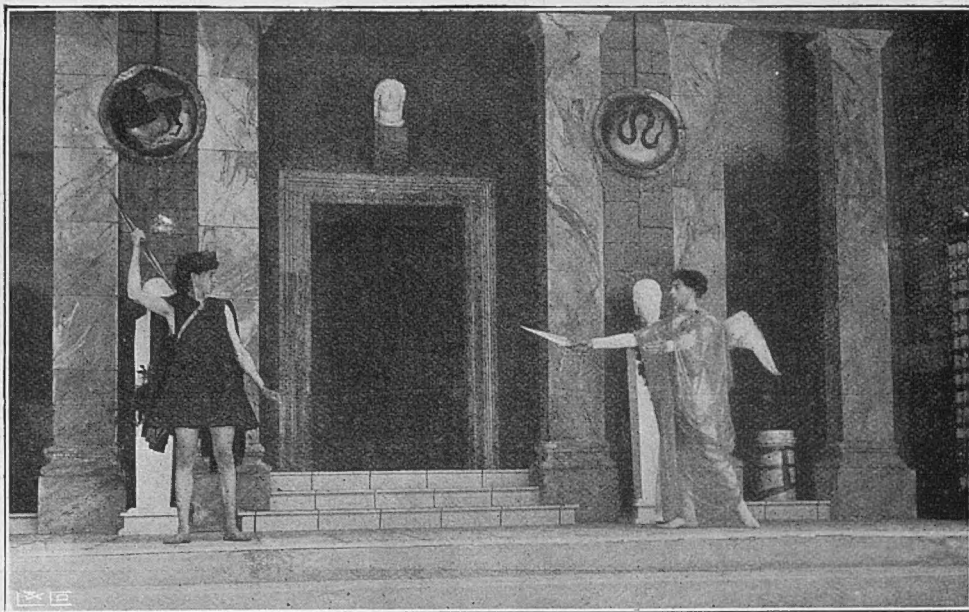
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



## THE GREEK PLAY AT BRADFIELD.

Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

It would be obviously unfair for the pilgrim to the Greek Theatre at Bradfield to take with him the two-edged pen of the modern dramatic critic, for when Dr. Gray "teaches a piece," in the literal Greek sense, his pupils respond with such loyal earnestness, and present Attic tragedy with so wonderful an approximation of the ancient spirit, that the auditor is well pleased to let all but favourable criticism slide, and to assume the attitude of a reverent disciple. Judged by present-day standards of dramatic construction, the play represented this year—the "Alcestis" of Euripides—will not hold water, and, indeed, in plot-development, it falls short even of a standard elsewhere attained in Greek tragedy, notably in the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles, which is more satisfying to modern notions. But, in spite of this, the pathos and domestic tenderness of the "Alcestis" bring it nearer in spirit to modern tragedy than any other production of ancient dramatic art. Euripides, Aristotle admitted, whatever his shortcomings, was "at least the most tragic of poets," and the story of "Alcestis," though of the simplest, justifies this



THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN APOLLO AND DEATH.

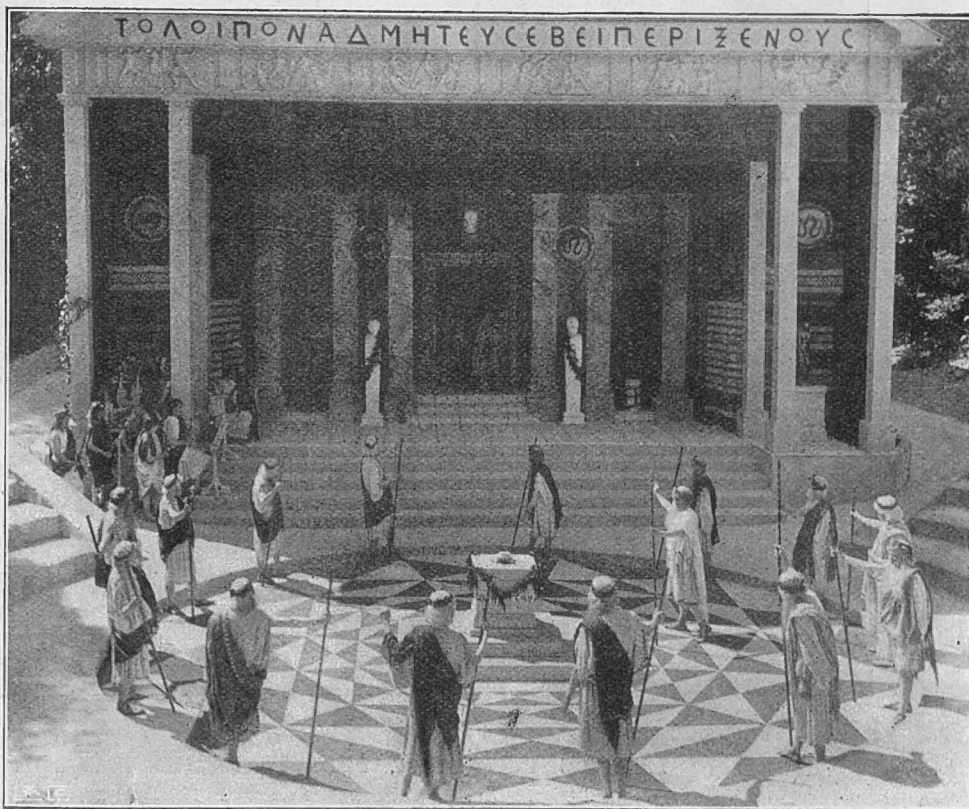


THE RETURN OF ALCESTIS.

The plot of the "Alcestis" is briefly this—Admetus, King of Phææ, must die. He seeks a substitute; his aged parents, though ripe for the grave, will not resign life for his sake, but his wife, Alcestis, consents to die in his stead. She is carried forth to look her last upon the sun, and expires in her husband's arms. The couch, with its heavy burden, is borne within the palace, Admetus and his children following. Herakles, on his way to Thrace, enters; Admetus comes forth to greet him, and is met by an inquiry as to the cause of mourning. In true Greek regard for sacred hospitality, Admetus, fearful lest a guest should turn away from his door, equivocates, tells Herakles that his lady "is, yet is not," and finally persuades him to enter the house, having made it appear that the mourning is for a stranger, for "one of other kin, yet dear." Admetus carries out his wife for burial, meets his father, Phères, who comes bearing funeral offerings, spurns them, and passes onward, out of sight. A servant appears, who tells the audience that the genial Herakles, in ignorance, has done overmuch justice to the good cheer set before him, and is behaving in a manner unbecoming a house of mourning. Herakles comes out, and learns from the slave who the departed really is. Horror at his unseemly conduct

pronouncement. It is by tender and natural language, however, that Euripides obtains his most moving effects. The play contains not a single "strong situation," and the climax, if climax there be, is unsatisfying; but, of course, great art of *dénouement* was unnecessary in the Greek theatre, where the audience already knew the story, and besides, the Greek would close no work of art with a violent emotion.

It cannot be denied, however, that such acting as it was possible for Dr. Gray and his colleagues to put into the "Alcestis" proved a great aid to the delivery of the lines. In the matter of acting, indeed, their small theatre gave the Bradfield performers a better chance than their Greek predecessors, who, in order to be audible and visible in the vast theatre at Athens, had to wear masks that acted as speaking-trumpets, and high buskins that gave increased stature. Facial expression and free action were consequently unknown, and an ancient tragedy consisted of a series of statuesque tableaux. But the picturesque modern element introduced at last week's representation of the "Alcestis" was a help rather than a hindrance to the success of the piece. Masks and boots would have exercised, on a latter-day audience, only one effect, which need not be here specified. That effect, be it said, was entirely absent; the piece was gravely played, and received with grave satisfaction, which was the surest token of its success. Such ancient revivals are difficult and dangerous experiments. Greek plays have come to grief ere now before a nineteenth-century audience, notably at a certain northern University, where a tragedy awakened inextinguishable laughter.



THE CHORUS.



THE GREEK PLAY AT BRADFELD.

*Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*



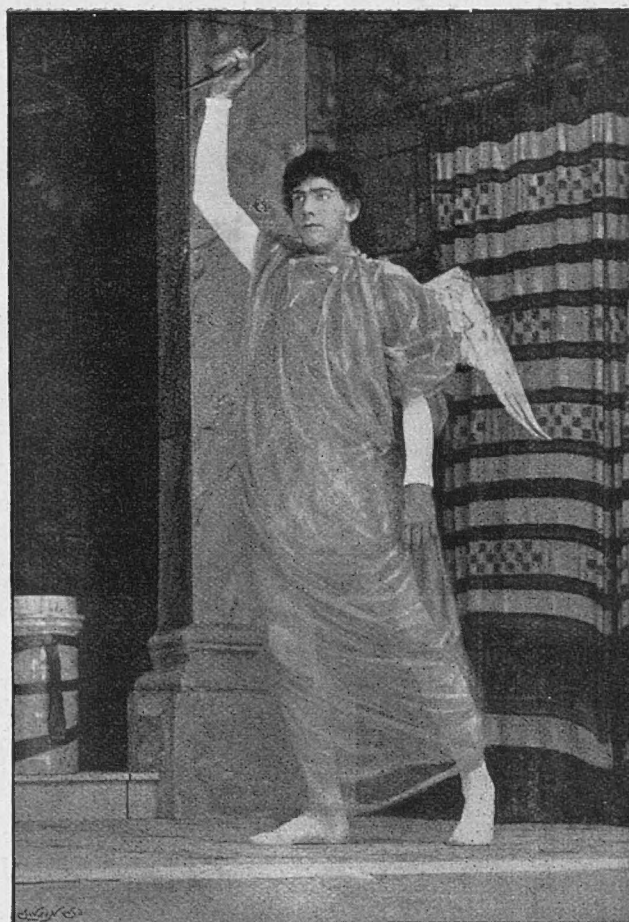
ALCESTIS (MR. WOOD-HILL).



THE SERVING-WOMAN (MR. P. A. KOPPEL).



APOLLO (MR. A. H. GORDON).

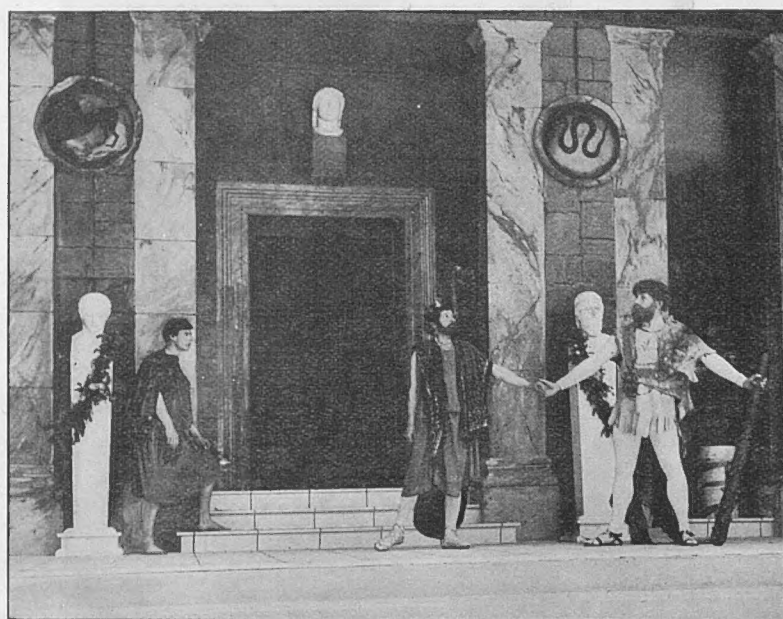


DEATH (MR. R. L. FINNIS).



sobers him. He will requite his generous host by descending to the shades to bring back Alcestis. This promise he fulfils. He leads in Alcestis, veiled, and, after testing the fidelity of Admetus, restores her to his arms. So the play ends.

This outline, omitting, as it does, the choral odes and descriptive passages, gives the play an undue appearance of baldness. The chorus of Elders, strangely fresh-looking "old men" despite their excellent make-up, wove the solemn dance around the altar in the orchestra, and chanted their rhythmic comment, as the action of the piece proceeded, to the music composed by Mr. Abdy Williams. It was curious and unusual music, no doubt; but anyone who has heard the "Hymn to Apollo" (recently discovered at Delphi), which is the only considerable specimen of Greek music extant, must feel assured that the music of the Bradfield play was no inaccurate representation of an ancient score. The instrumental part was supplied by five lyres and four flutes, specially



THE WELCOME OF HERAKLES (MR. H. A. LOMAS) BY ADMETUS (DR. H. B. GRAY).

constructed on the ancient model, and the musicians formed by themselves as picturesque and old-world a group as any in the play. To single out any actor for special commendation would be invidious and inappropriate. The Bradfield play must be viewed in its entirety as a remarkable reconstruction of one of the most fascinating portions of the Hellenic national life. It is a great, whole-hearted effort, seriously undertaken, and seriously carried out, by boys and masters, at great cost of time and labour, *entirely out of school hours*. That this departure of Dr. Gray's inspires a true interest in and understanding of Greek, the whole performance leaves no room for doubt. That it is no task, but a pleasure, is amply evidenced by the leisure voluntarily sacrificed to preparation and rehearsal. An afternoon in the open-air Greek Theatre at Bradfield College, though the sun does assert itself vigorously, is a quaint and unusual enjoyment. One could wish that the college celebrated its "Great Dionysia" oftener, for, whatever the detractors of classical studies may say, the Bradfield play, as an educational force, has vindicated its right to existence.

J. D. S.

#### LONDON'S OLDEST CHURCH.

All Londoners interested in the ecclesiastical architecture of this great city should take note that on Saturday week, the crypt of what is probably the oldest church in London, that of St. Bartholomew the Great, is to be formally opened under the distinguished auspices of the Bishop of Stepney and the Duke of Newcastle. The rector, Sir Borradaile Savory, the son of the late eminent surgeon, has devoted his energies to the restoration of his magnificent church, and the crypt, which is now to be given to the public in a renovated condition, is said to be one of the finest specimens of twelfth-century work. The Church of St. Bartholomew, as it now exists, is but a small portion of that great priory which was the outcome of the enthusiasm of one Rahere, who, beginning life as a somewhat dissolute hanger-on of the Court of Henry I., spent the latter years of his life in good works, and ended his days in the magnificent monastic institution which, inspired by a dream, he had raised to the honour of St. Bartholomew. It is interesting to remember, with regard to the crypt, that tradition says how, between it and the monastery at Canonbury—an offshoot of the great Smithfield institution—there once existed an underground passage. By the way, it was in a room at Canonbury—the ancient house was then rented by Newberry, the warm-hearted bookseller—that Goldsmith wrote that matchless tale, "The Vicar of Wakefield," and here the impecunious genius frequently stayed, fearing arrest for debt. The two personal memories of St. Bartholomew the Great are, without doubt, Rahere, its founder and first prior, and that other prior of the sixteenth century, the munificent restorer, Bolton, of whom Ben Jonson wrote "the prior Bolton with his bolt and ton," referring to that rebus on his name which is much in evidence in the church, and also at Canonbury.

#### BERNHARDT AND DUSE IN "MAGDA."

The student of acting is having a splendid opportunity. He can compare two of the greatest actresses alive in the famous old play, "La Dame aux Camélias," after seeing them at an interval of but a few days, while in the new play, "Heimath," it was Bernhardt on Monday, Duse on Wednesday. However, since the play is, to my mind, more important than the players, I will speak first of Sudermann's piece. For such a long time has there been talk of Sudermann—two of whose plays have been bought by Mr. George Alexander, but not produced—and so curious has been the comedy concerning the non-production of "Die Ehre," that "Heimath" was awaited with impatience and deep curiosity. So far as one can judge from the French and Italian versions, the play is not quite of the expected quality.

No one can deny that "Heimath" is a work of serious value; but, in some aspects, it seems to be almost a failure. How far the author is impartial, what, actually, is his opinion concerning his characters, one cannot pretend to say; but he gives the idea that he has endeavoured to prove something and been unsuccessful. The character of Schwarz, the father, is, perhaps, conceivable: such a violent contrast to a *Le Père Goriot* or *Lear* may be possible. Yet he is by no means interesting unless highly individualised. Now, unfortunately, Schwarz is not individualised at all: he does not seem a person, appears to be merely an embodiment of the idea of parental authority pushed to extremes—to such extremes that, if the piece is intended to attack the abuse of fatherly influence, it fails, from violence. For extremes rarely prove cases.

Even in Magda herself one does not find the fine touches that render a stage character lifelike. It is a splendid acting part, and, in a broad way, the author gives the idea of an "emancipated" woman, and combines with it a note of motherly love that gives birth to a splendid scene; but, even after seeing such players as Bernhardt and Duse, one hardly seems to know Magda as an individual. In the part of the pastor, one has a really able piece of work, for the delicate way in which the dramatist suggests that his love for the woman is not dead, and yet avoids the direct declaration that many playwrights would not have resisted, Sudermann shows true art. Moreover, in the smaller characters—the pretty young sister, the hypocritical Keller, the timid stepmother and comic aunt, there is much to be admired; indeed, the first act, though Magda does not appear in it, is charmingly written—is, perhaps, the ablest, most remarkable in the piece. As for the actual ending of the play, there seems hardly room for doubt; it is violent, yet scarcely effective, and shows a lack of tact in the dramatist. As a whole, the piece shows great gifts not fully developed, and proves that the author is modern in spirit and hostile to old stage-conventions, even if not skilful enough to set his creatures firmly upon their feet as individuals.

When criticising the work of Bernhardt and Duse as Magda, one begins to see that it is possible to take very different views about the part of the heroine. Indeed, so far as the character is concerned, it is hard to believe that the two actresses are dealing with the same creature. What view does Bernhardt suggest? She portrays the Magda who has been hardened by her long traffic of the stage, who, having the roving fit on her, comes to visit her father's house out of curiosity and caprice, and no stronger feeling. When she arrives, and finds that her departure had caused an apoplectic stroke to her father, which had necessitated his retirement from the army, she feels a remorse that simulates affection; while it is easy for her to take a fancy to the dear little sister who, during her twelve years' absence, has become a charming young woman. Yet Magda—à la Bernhardt—after paying her visit and satisfying her curiosity, is quite prepared to go away and take up her "vagabond" career again. It is the pastor who changes her views—changes them by showing, in his unselfish, faithful love, how much her very hardness has cost her. It is possible to imagine that the Franco-German Magda conceived the idea of staying at home and taking up again the broken thread of her old love-story with the pastor.

The Italian player puts matters in a different light. Her "vagabonding" as actress has had little effect on her, has not even given her a Bohemian style, except so far as smoking cigarettes is concerned, and she is all heart and tenderness. One wonders why a woman so passionately attached to her little sister had not broken her heart, during the twelve years' absence, in fruitless efforts at a reconciliation. It was exceedingly pretty to watch her fondling and caressing Marie, though one regretted that she had not the charming Mlle. Bellenger, of the French company, instead of the heavy, unattractive woman, dressed and made up to look like a housemaid, who played the part on Wednesday. Even towards the stern old father the Italian Magda showed charming touches of affection; while instead of suggesting that Keller, her betrayer, had become a mere dead memory to her, she showed an emotion on seeing him which gave the idea that she loved him still. It was beautifully done, but what becomes of the fact that, during the twelve years, other lovers had taken the place of Keller? Who could believe her assertion against herself?

After all, then, one cannot pretend to give the palm either to the Italian or the French actress. Each played splendidly, and their ideas of the part were radically different. To me, as a matter of personal prejudice, Madame Bernhardt was the more interesting, and I believe that her reading squares better with the facts of the case than does that of Signora Duse; yet I can well understand that there were many who found that the performance of the Italian actress was the more beautiful. It remains for me to add that Signor Mazzanti was far better as the father than M. de Max, but that M. Albert Darmont as the pastor, Mlle. Berenger as Marie, M. De Val as Keller, and Madame Patry as Francesca, were far abler than their rivals at Drury Lane. MONOCLE.





"Give us a bite of yer apple, Billy."

"Shan't."

"Well, leave us a bit of the core."

"There ain't goin' to be no core."



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London Bridge ... .. „	6 45	10 25	11 40	1 50	4 0	4 55	5 0	7 25	8 45	9 55
Portsmouth ... .. arr.	9 0	12 45	1 10	1 40	2 15	4 23	6 39	6 56	7 38	10 25
Ryde ... .. „	9 55	1 50	1 50	3 0	3 0	5 10	7 45	7 45	8 35	...
Sandown ... .. „	10 45	2 29	2 29	...	3 33	5 46	8 14	8 14	9 24	...
Shanklin ... .. „	10 51	2 36	2 36	...	3 38	5 52	8 19	8 19	9 30	...
Ventnor ... .. „	11 4	2 50	2 50	3 30	3 50	6 6	8 30	8 30	9 40	...
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SPECIAL FARES ON THE RACE DAYS AFTER 9.30 a.m. by SPECIAL TRAINS TO ASCOT: Single Journey, First Class, 7s. 6d.; Second Class, 6s.; Return, First Class, 12s. 6d., Second Class, 10s.

ON THE RACE DAYS the Cheap Excursion Trains to Virginia Water, Windsor, Twickenham, Teddington, and Kingston, from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and other Stations will not run.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

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20, and 21. ORDINARY TRAINS (First, Second, and Third Class) leave PADDINGTON for WINDSOR at 8.20, 9.55, 11.5 a.m., 12.20, 1.15, and 2 p.m., and return at 4.15, 4.45, 5.40 7.5, 7.20, 8.35, 9.45, 10.5, and 10.55 p.m. On EACH DAY, SPECIAL TRAINS (First, Second, and Third Class) will leave PADDINGTON for WINDSOR at 9.18, 10.16, 10.30, 10.50, 11.28 a.m., and 12.10 p.m., and on the "CUP DAY," JUNE 20, SPECIAL TRAINS, in addition to those mentioned, will leave PADDINGTON at 9.35 and 10.5 a.m.

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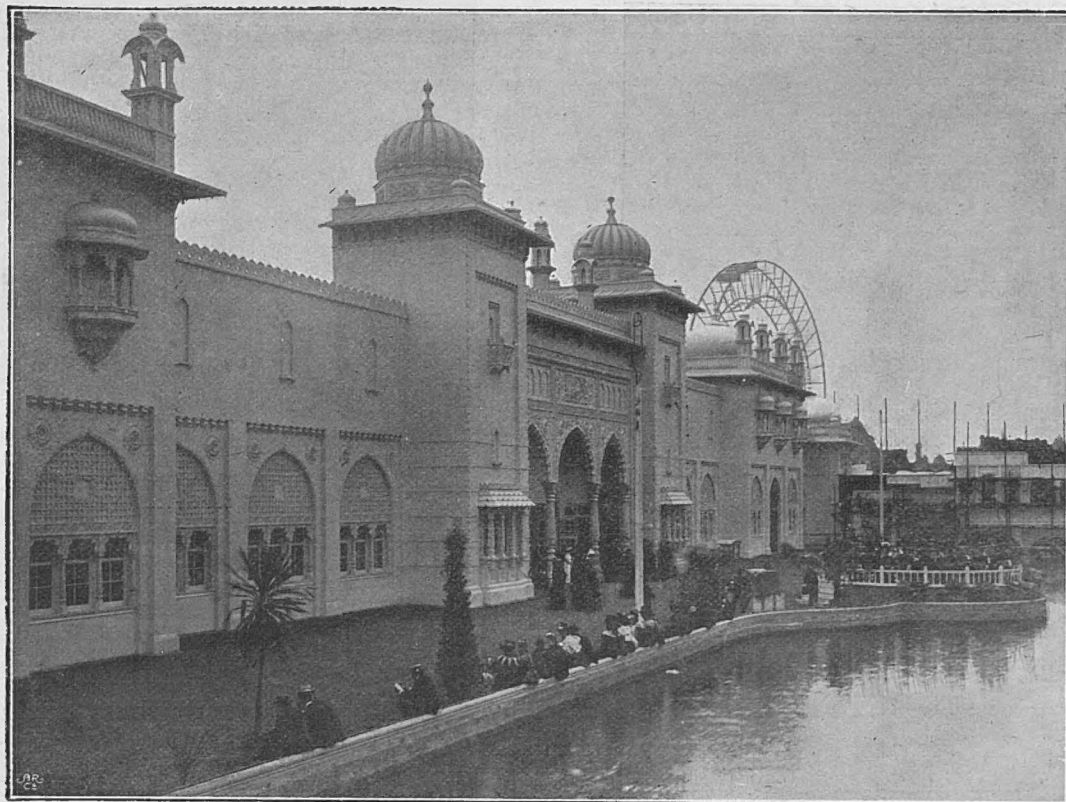
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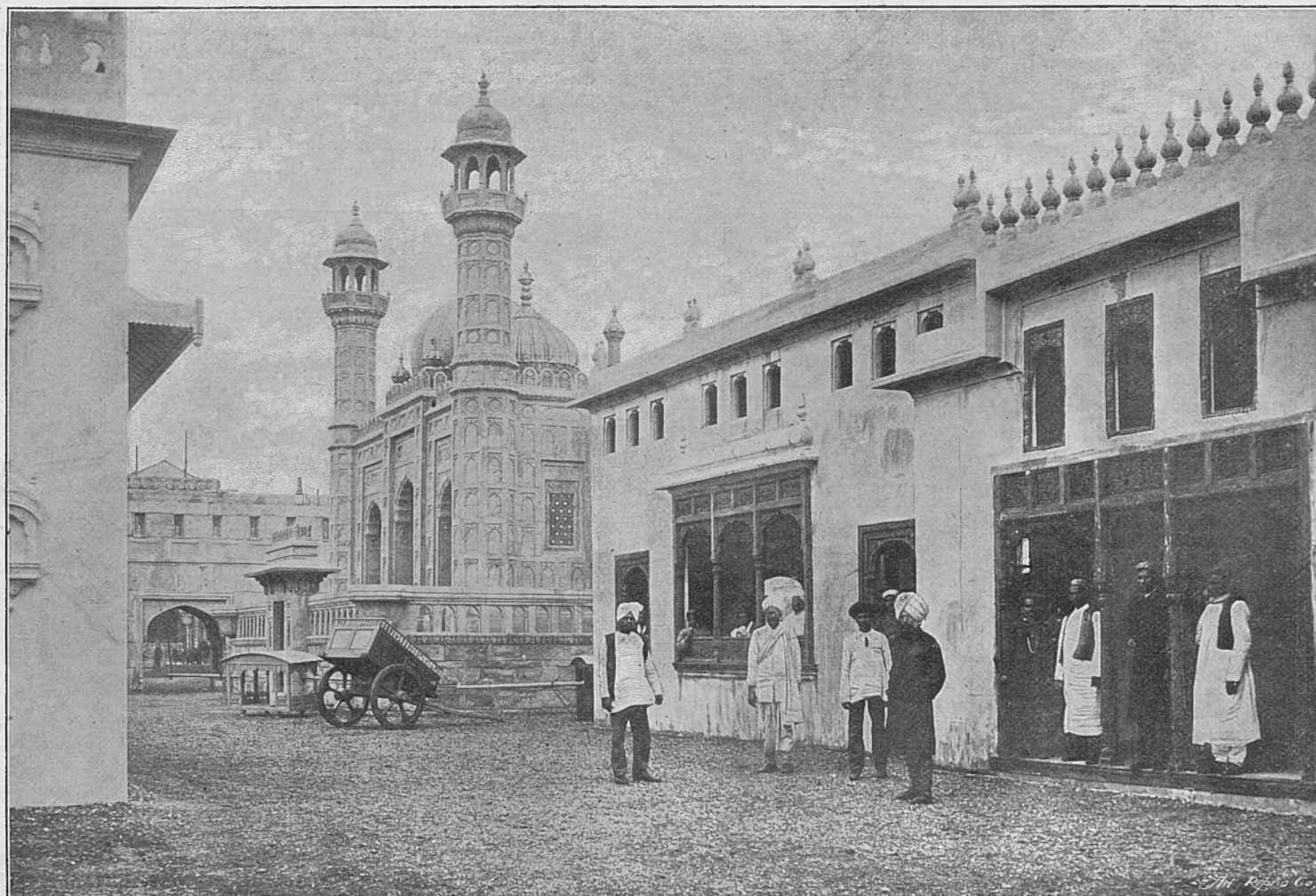


THE EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION, AT EARL'S COURT.

*Photographs by Robey and Company.*



THE QUEEN'S PALACE.



A STREET IN THE INDIAN CITY.



## SOME PICTURES FROM THE PRICE COLLECTION.

*Sold on June 15, by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods.*



NAPOLÉON I. IN CORONATION ROBES.—A. APPIANI.

The illustrated catalogue of the pictures which belonged to the late James Price—a collection of works of the highest value and distinction—makes altogether a very exquisite volume. The pictures are reproduced with fidelity, with beauty, and with a convincingness that is wholly satisfactory. Of the collection, the Turners and the Gainsboroughs form, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the work. The Gainsboroughs,



MISS HARRIET.—GEORGE ROMNEY.

particularly—portraits mostly—are delightful in their delicacy, their beauty, their dignity of style. The Romneys and the Sir Joshuas are only second to these, although there are a few canvases of David Cox which are full of that painter's most characteristic charm, and must rank very high in a collection which is assuredly among the most engrossing and delightful which the works of more or less modern masters could provide.



KITTY FISCHER.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



LADY URITH SHORE.—GEORGE ROMNEY.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen is to return to Windsor Castle from Balmoral at the end of the week, and it is expected that her Majesty will come up to Buckingham Palace on July 3 for a couple of nights. The Court is to leave Windsor for Osborne during the third week in July, but the exact day of the removal has not yet been fixed. The Queen returns to Balmoral for the autumn at the end of August. During her present residence at Balmoral, the Queen has almost entirely confined her excursions to the extensive private grounds, and has paid several visits to the Danzig Shiel in Ballochbuie Forest, and to the Glassalt Shiel on Loch Muick. Last week the Queen drove through Braemar for the first time this year, and went for some distance up Glen Clunie, returning home by the favourite Lion's Face Road, opposite Invercauld House.

The Empress Eugénie has returned to Farnborough after an absence of several months. The Empress is to visit the Queen at Osborne towards the end of July, and she will probably spend September on Deeside, as her Majesty has offered to place Birkhall House at her disposal.

The members of the Cabinet in the Lower House have escaped attendance at Balmoral during her Majesty's present stay in Scotland, as not a single vote could be spared from the House of Commons. They will, however, have to do this work in the autumn, though Lord Rosebery intends himself to take a turn of attendance at Balmoral if his health will permit. It is a rather curious fact that Lord Salisbury never once went to Balmoral while he was Prime Minister, and Mr. Gladstone never acted as Minister in Attendance, though he once visited the Queen there when he was staying at Invercauld.

Although Balmoral is nearly six hundred miles from London, the Queen is as thoroughly in touch with the Metropolis when she is in Scotland as when she is at Osborne. There is a private telegraph wire direct from the Castle to London, which is working from morning to night while the Queen is at Balmoral. Every morning at ten o'clock a special messenger is despatched, with the Cabinet boxes and a mass of papers and correspondence for her Majesty, from either Whitehall or Buckingham Palace to Balmoral. The messenger reaches the Castle late at night, and the papers are dealt with by the Queen on the following morning, the replies being sent back the same afternoon, leaving Balmoral at two o'clock, and arriving at Euston between seven and eight on the following morning, or less than forty-six hours from the time when they were originally sent off from London. If the suggested introduction of the telephone between the Castle and London should be carried out, then the facilities for communication will be even still further improved.

St. Leonard's Hill, where the Prince of Wales is staying for Ascot week, stands upon so elevated a site in Windsor Forest that the house is on a level with the top of the Round Tower at the Castle. There are most elaborately laid-out gardens, and a finely-wooded park, while the terrace commands lovely views of the Great Park, Windsor Castle, and the valley of the Thames.

Over twelve hundred invitations were issued by the Lord Chamberlain for the State Concert, and there was a very large attendance, nearly every seat being occupied before eleven o'clock, when the Royalties entered. The seats at these functions are not particularly comfortable, as they principally consist of gilded benches covered with crimson satin, and a very small quantity of padding. At the conclusion of the concert, the royal party at once proceeded to the supper-room, in procession, with the Corps Diplomatique. The supper was excellent in every respect, and consisted of hot soup and all kinds of cold dishes, while there was an abundant supply of peaches, strawberries, and grapes, from the royal gardens at Frogmore. The wines were of the very best—the Queen possesses one of the finest collections of old vintages in the world—and everybody praised the famous Hock-cup. The floral decorations were very beautiful, and there was a splendid display of the Queen's plate from Windsor, while the walls of the supper-room were decorated with show-pieces of gold plate, mounted on scarlet shields. The State Balls and Concerts are under the control of the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Steward, the officials of the former taking entire charge of the ball-room, galleries, and staircase, while the myrmidons of the latter reign supreme in the supper-room and refreshment department. The Royalties had all left by half-past one, and the Palace was cleared of the guests shortly after two.

One feature of the Ladies' Kennel Association first Dog Show at Ranelagh will probably result in a rage for whippet-racing. Though well known in the North, where this exciting sport has been generally left to the peasants, it is quite a novelty among us, and Saturday's sweepstake made a capital finish to a very smart and much-enjoyed occasion. Mr. Sprague had borrowed some well-known racers, and the dogs were run in heats of three, each one being held by a slipper on an allotted mark. Before the starting-pistol goes off, the "runners-up" start up the course, each shouting or whistling to his dog; and, having reached the winning-line, a distance of two hundred yards, pop! goes the pistol, and off rush the dogs, each one straining every nerve to reach his respective "runner-up" first. The sport was most thoroughly appreciated on Saturday, and is likely to be taken up, moreover, by many fair owners with that avidity with which anything new invariably appeals to variable woman.

Among many who dallied under the trees with tea and talk when the show was over, I noticed Mrs. Vivian, Lady Margaret Douglas, Lady Green, Lady Hart, Sir Edward Hertslet, Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, Lord Lonsdale, Lady Gerard, Sir J. Robinson, the Hon. Ronald and Mrs. Greville, Lady Saunders, Lady Romney, Lady Maitland, Lady Loder, Mr. J. Maitland Shaw, and Lady Beaumont. The Princess of Wales and both Princesses seemed to enjoy the whole proceedings greatly, her Royal Highness's fine Russian hounds, which were shown for the first time in England, coming in for well-deserved *kudos* in the parade of champions which took place earlier on the lawn.

To find oneself in Madrid on the eve of a military tournament, as happened to me about a week ago, is also to have made an unexpected, but most fascinating, journey into the gay mumming of the Middle Ages. A *carrousel*, or military jousting of sorts, was in full swing as I arrived, and mounted *cavalleros* fought for the favour of fair dames as long ago, when Cid of splendid memory flourished. The favours with which fair ladies reward their gallant soldiers are extremely beautiful, many painted by the first artists in Madrid. Both Infantes Isabel and Eulalie were present each day, as well as the Infantitas, daughters of Queen Mercedes and Maria Teresa, both of whom are extremely handsome, with the liquid-brown eyes and the clear olive skin of your thoroughbred Spaniard.

Another gorgeous pageant, which I would not have missed for many drachmas, was the royal procession to the Queen's Chapel on Whit-Sunday. In accordance with an ancient custom, royal ladies of the Court, officers of State and the Guards Regiment, all in fullest Court fig, hear mass in this lovely little chapel, a gem of early eighteenth-century architecture, a temporary throne being erected each year for the Sovereign to the right of the high altar. Her Majesty looked very royal in a Court-costume of grey satin, with brocaded train of heliotrope and grey. A splendid tiara of brilliants was worn over her mantilla, while the Infantes Isabel and Eulalie, each occupying seats near the throne, wore bright-coloured gowns, as did most ladies of the Court, making the nave a very garden of gay colours.

The reception of Madame Patti at the Royal Opera in "La Traviata," on the night of Monday, June 10, was in something of the nature of an apotheosis. Certainly, at the end of the third act, with Patti in the centre of the stage, banked up with flowers of all kinds, the scene might have been taken as the *tableau vivant* of the deification of some great mortal creature. It was, in truth, an extraordinary occasion. One could scarcely have suspected that there were so many diamonds in London, outside Bond Street. Diamonds were everywhere—in the boxes, in the stalls, and, above all, on the one only and immortal *diva*. At first she sang with obvious nervousness, but in the third act she was, as far as possible, her old self. She certainly deserved all the applause which she received for the brilliance, the smoothness of her voice, the sincerity and sweetness of her—operatic—acting. It was a great occasion, and greatly honoured.

The enthusiasm evoked reminded me of the fervour exhibited on that other night in the summer of 1885, when the *diva*, overwhelmed with floral tributes, disappeared for ten years from the English lyric stage. With regard to the cheap parts of the house, this enthusiasm recalled still earlier remembrances, when, in the late 'sixties—at which period of my existence, I must confess, I had more energy and a smaller supply of this world's goods—I was wont to wait for many hours on the stone staircase to obtain a front seat in the half-crown gallery. I will admit, however, that I never began that weary waiting so early as eleven o'clock, at which hour, I am told, enthusiasts began to assemble for the performance of "La Traviata." I must say that the said enthusiasts were by no means exhausted by their long wait, and shouted themselves hoarse in the most approved style, a style followed, in a more moderate degree, by one of the most brilliant audiences that probably ever assembled in the great opera-house. From a "Society" point of view, everybody who had a claim to be anybody seemed to be there.

The Pioneers ought to be grateful to Mr. Henry Blyth, who received a great gathering of politicians and others at his house in Portland Place last week. On the list of guests the degrading subjection of woman by the usual formula of "Mr. and Mrs." was abandoned, and "Mrs. and Mr." reigned in its stead. This is a sign of the times with a vengeance.

National shilling testimonials to distinguished persons are certainly by no means common, neither is it desirable that they should be; but the tribute to our great cricketer, advocated so warmly by the *Daily Telegraph*, will commend itself, I think, to all classes of the community, and, in more senses than one, may be considered a graceful one. Who will grudge the Gloucestershire champion either good wishes or shillings in that year of Grace in which he has completed his century of centuries? No one, I venture to reply; and here are my good wishes (the shillings must be contributed in "another way," as the cookery-books say)—

So poor a total as "three score and ten,"  
Once said to be th' allotted span of men,  
I will not wish you, for folks make their score  
Stretch to the nineties now, and often more;  
Three figures even—if you doubt, peruse  
That column on the first page of the news.  
"A century" may your life's innings be!  
I on the ground to hail your jubilee.



Fräulein Ilka Pálmay, who made her first appearance in London, at Drury Lane, on Monday, in "Der Vogelhändler," was born in Hungary on Sept. 20, 1866. At the early age of fifteen she left the convent



FRÄULEIN ILKA PÁLMAY.

Photo by Krziwanek, Vienna.

for the stage—a proceeding which was contrary to the wish of her father. Like most beginners, she made her initial essay in tragedy. Later on, however, she appeared as a comic-opera singer with such success that she was at once engaged for the National Theatre of Buda-Pesth. She then developed into a "star," and, as such, went with her own company to Vienna, where she played at the Ring Theatre, and subsequently at the Theater an der Wien, where she became a great favourite, remaining there for a long time. While in Vienna she studied German, in which language she sang, for the first time, at Ischl. The characters in which she has made her greatest hits

are Mam'zelle Nitouche, in the opera of that name; and Christel, in "Der Vogelhändler." She originally played the former character, with pronounced success, in Vienna, and, thereafter, throughout



FRÄULEIN ILKA PÁLMAY.

Photo by Szekely, Vienna.

Austria, winning golden opinions everywhere for her piquant acting. She attained equal celebrity in Germany and America by her impersonation of Christel in Zellner's comic opera, the part for which

Sir Augustus Harris specially engaged her in connection with the visit to London of the Ducal Court company of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. In 1892, Fräulein Pálmay married, and thereafter formally took leave of the Viennese public. She still, however, appears on particular occasions in the principal theatres of Germany and Austria. She has made a name in her native land not only as a singer and an actress, but as an authoress, thanks to some pretty poems, in Hungarian, published under the title "From a Wounded Heart."

In calling his play "An Average Man," Mr. S. X. Courte no doubt is jesting, for he will hardly pretend that the average man is drunkard, gambler, and forger, or, indeed, any one of the three. Probably, then, the title is a joke: the humour of it is not obvious. In choosing as hero of his piece a man who drinks, gambles, and forges, the author has not been wholly wise, for, although plays concerning very bad people may be interesting, they are apt to be somewhat repulsive unless the skill shown in handling them is very great. The "Average Man" is somewhat repulsive.

Vivian Allardye is not drawn with the masterful skill that can render the wicked attractive, and one gets weary of the young man who constantly curses his folly in ill-treating the angel, formerly barmaid, whom he has married, who denounces his other weaknesses, yet persists in all vices. It is, no doubt, quite human to have a very just contempt for our own conduct and yet persevere in it, but not necessarily interesting. Nevertheless, I must say that one or two of Vivian's scenes were powerful, and Mr. Loring Fernie, who took the part, showed a great deal of ability—of ability in a somewhat crude state, which promises that some day he will be an actor of real value.



FRÄULEIN ILKA PÁLMAY.

Photo by Krziwanek, Vienna.

Where do dramatists get their ideas of Society from? The manners of the set in which "An Average Man" moves are very puzzling. The people are supposed to be of good family, and have some social standing, yet they behave atrociously. They "lark about" like 'Arry at 'Ampstead, though they do not decorate the floor with fallen "h's."

The only creature who seemed to have any signs of breeding was the ex-barmaid, who, however, was a wretched hostess. Miss Dora de Winton played the part very prettily, though in a somewhat too persistently tearful manner. The conversation of these strange people was a constant strife for the epigrammatic paradox, and the proportion of failures to triumphs was painfully typical of real conversation. They talked in the manner of some literary men that I know, who try their jokes on you, and make a mental note of those that go down well, and use them, later on, in their books.

Some of the acting was rather good. Mr. G. R. Foss, as a kind of belated Dundreary, managed to give some novelty to the part of a good-natured fool: he was somewhat too fantastic in manner and make-up. Mr. Fred Permain, apart from the fact that his outbursts of passion were too violently explosive, played with some force and skill as a cruel money-lender, and his make-up was excellent. Yet, seeing that he represented a Jewish financier, he was not quite exuberant enough in gesture. On the whole, "An Average Man" is disappointing: it shows decided ability, but the advance that I expected upon "The Wife of Dives" is not apparent, and Mr. S. X. Courte seems working on the wrong track.

Last Thursday, a very interesting recital, consisting entirely of the works of modern women composers, was given by Miss Esther Palliser at Prince's Hall. One of the most noticeable features of our women composers is the fact that they choose with very much greater taste the words they set to music than, as a rule, is shown by men. The names that struck me most were those of Cécile Chaminade, Frances Allitsen, Maude V. White, and Augusta Holmes. Miss Palliser and Mr. Ben Davies sang delightfully a song-cycle, "Elle et Lui," by Guy d'Hardelot and Weatherly; and among Miss Palliser's most successful solos may be mentioned "Spring Contrasts," charmingly written by Miss Allitsen, and also Sybil Palliser's "I Wonder," a dainty little song that was much applauded. If only ballad-concerts had their programmes chosen with such skill and taste, how pleasant they would become for the musical critic!



The *New York World* recently discovered Scotland Yard, and had an article upon it which, viewed in the light of recent American police revelations, seemed distinctly curious. After waltzing round his subject for some time, the writer of the article gave us much rare information. I thank him for the assurance that English detectives do not compare advantageously with American ones, though I acknowledge that he does shrink from quoting statistics to prove that America has the honour of greatly outnumbering us in the matter of criminals. It is also gratifying to learn that our English detective-force hides its weaknesses under an assumption of profound mystery. The gentleman who found Scotland Yard for the benefit of New York, went with one of the detective department for a walk in Slumland, and the officer pointed out numerous representatives of the criminal classes who, had they chanced upon him alone, would have behaved unkindly to the man of Stars and Stripes. All this matter the American—who must be very young—waved off with easy indifference. "Fancy," he says, in effect, "telling me such stuff as that! The men were mere loafers—the whole story is

Who can explain why one form of mental exertion will counteract the effects of another? Meeting a friend entering London's best whist club, I paused to have a short chat with him. He is a very busy man, and a director of two huge companies. He was describing his day's work, which had been exceedingly heavy, and he went on to say that he was going to have a couple of hours' whist before going home to dinner. I then asked him how, after all the mental exertion of the past six hours, he could play whist. "On your favourite homœopathic principles, I suppose," he said, smiling, "*similia similibus curantur*. But, joking apart, the one form of work entirely does away with the fatigue of its predecessor, and leaves me perfectly fresh for the evening. Many men whose work is similar to my own, lawyers and politicians as well, have told me the same thing. They all find that an entire change of work is as beneficial as a rest." Unless this is accident or coincidence, it opens a large field for useful speculation. If one form of work will restore the damage done by another, to what extent, in different directions, may the human mind be trained to work? It would



A QUARTETTE OF MELBOURNE CYCLISTS.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

but an example of the Britisher's love of mystery. There was nothing sensational, so he invented some ruffianism, and asked me to believe it."

Anything is possible in a democracy, and in the democratic community of Melbourne the New Woman seems to have broken out badly. A few months ago we published some pictures showing how she goes a-pienicking in the bifurcated garb, and to-day we are enabled to give an illustration of a quartette of Melbourne cycling girls in the rational costume. The Antipodean women are taking to the bicycle with much enthusiasm, and they don't hesitate to shed their skirt in pursuit of the pastime. It has become quite a common sight to see breeched females careering on "bikes" through the streets of Melbourne, and now the cycling-women have a club of their own. It must be admitted, though, that the rending of the conventional female garments has in many cases brought about a rending of hearts, and domestic dissension of the most unpleasant character has followed the introduction of bicycles and breeches into the hitherto happy home. In more than one case in Melbourne has the wife preferred to get astride her safety in the double-barrelled garments rather than to enjoy the serenity of connubial bliss. During the last cricket season, several teams of female cricketers played what was nothing more than a burlesque of the game on Melbourne and Sydney grounds. As yet, the feminine footballer has not made her appearance in Australia, though evidences are not wanting that she is looming in the distance.

appear that we have by no means reached the limit of action, and that the existing cases of men who do apparently abnormal amounts of work are simply instances of energy applied to the fullest possible extent in the greatest number of manners.

The art of "make up" is usually much neglected by lower grades of the theatrical profession; indeed, it might truly be said that very few choristers, "extras," or supers, understand the proper use of the contents of the average theatrical dressing-room. Grease-paint, hare's-foot, powder-puffs, and rouge-pots will, by dint of proper manipulation, make the most unfortunate complexion assume the guise of beauty, but careless or hurried use results in disfigurement. I have often scanned the ranks of a comic-opera or burlesque chorus, and the serried battalions of the ballet, and have come to the conclusion that some philanthropist should straightway endow a school for giving instructions for the best possible production of complexions. If any wealthy *Sketch* readers would care to come forward with the necessary funds, I should be glad to act as treasurer and to receive all subscriptions, large or small. Large ones would be preferred, in view of the approaching summer holidays. The most perfect mistress of "make up" I ever saw was Nellie Farren, whose absence from Stageland we continue to deplore. I was one night in the wings of a provincial theatre as Miss Farren came off the stage, and she stopped to say a few words to my companion. The illusion was complete.



Shoreditch does not often have the honour of a visit from royalty, but it is certainly resolved that, when such an event occurs, there shall be no shabbiness about the arrangements. So, when the Duchess of Albany went there on Thursday afternoon to open the Flower Show of the Children's Geranium Club and to give away the prizes, the streets were decorated with Venetian masts and streams of flags. The route was kept by the Suffolk Regiment, and a Guard of Honour was furnished by the 1st Tower Hamlets Volunteers, with their band. All the inhabitants of Shoreditch appeared to have turned out in a body to welcome the Duchess. They crowded the pavements, and sat in rows on the walls, while every window was filled with eager faces. In that dingy, squalid neighbourhood, the need for such an institution as a Geranium Club is very evident. It was started last summer by Miss Edith Heather-Bigg, in conjunction with the Rev. Osborn Jay, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, and has met with such success that it is now proposed to make it permanent. The plants are given out to the children in April, and prizes are awarded at the Flower Show in June to those which are most carefully kept. The show took place in the Holy Trinity Club Room, which was very prettily decorated, and was simply thronged with children. Her Royal Highness, who was attended by Sir Robert and Lady Collins, was met on her arrival by Miss Edith Heather-Bigg, Miss Ethel Heron-Maxwell, and the Rev. Osborn Jay. On her entry into the Club Room, the children struck up the National Anthem, and then gave three hearty if somewhat shrill cheers. One of their number presented the Duchess with an appropriate bouquet of scarlet geraniums. This was purchased by the children themselves, each subscribing a farthing. Five hundred exhibits were sent in by the children, and the prizes included two writing-desks, presented by the Marquis of Lorne, who opened the show last year, and a silver watch. After the distribution the Duchess visited the church, which is above the Club Room, and the common lodging-house next door, built by Miss Schuster.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan is writing an article on the late Mr. Locker-Lampson, with whom he was associated in editing "Lyra Elegantiarum." Here is an interesting reproduction of a medallion of Mr. Locker-Lampson that was executed in Rome in 1867 by Mr. Bruce Joy. It is noticeable that in the intervening twenty-eight years the author of "London Lyrics" changed very little in personal appearance.



I hear that, in a recent debate at the Pioneer Club, a lady excited much indignation by suggesting that, after all, women ruled the universe by tact. "Tact!" exclaimed an orator. "What is tact except gross deceit? It is one of the most servile of the conventions which we must shake off. Woman does not need tact. She

wants to assert her rights with courage, and not to resort to miserable subterfuge." Such, in substance, is the report which reached me. When women forswear tact, this is pioneering indeed; but I shall continue, all the same, to believe in a quality which, above all others, makes man feel his inferiority.

In enumerating, the other day, a few of the suburban theatres, I should have noted that building operations have lately been started in connection with the new Borough Theatre, Stratford, which is to be run by Messrs. Albert and W. H. Fredericks, who also control the present Stratford playhouse, the Royal. Another Theatre Royal, that in Croydon, is soon to feel the effects of healthy competition, for Mr. Beer-bohm Tree is laying to-day the foundation-stone of the new Grand Theatre and Opera House at Croydon. This theatre is to be managed by Mr. Tom Craven, son of H. T. Craven, the celebrated actor-dramatist, and himself an actor-dramatist of very long experience. Mr. Tom Craven's wife, Miss Constance Moxon, a clever singing *comédienne*, has lately taken to the music-halls. Of course, there still hangs in the balance the fate of the unfortunate Brixton Theatre, of which the foundation-stone was laid in state by Sir Henry Irving.

Genius has not, as a general rule, the faculty of wearing its clothes well. The divine afflatus naturally soars over details of the waistband and hair-pin with picturesque but occasionally disconcerting results. No errors of stitching or insufficiently considered drapery can be laid to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's account in her present equipment for *Fédora*, at all events. Her dress is a symphony, an idyll of seductive form and colour, just the sort of gown one could have pictured the Countess of Warwick in on Drawing Day, for instance; had she found herself able to attend. *On dit*, indeed, that the inspiration of lining an evening cloak with fluffy clouds of chiffon was a primary idea of the fair lady who rules at Easton. Few understand the subtleties of fine feathers so well.

Old Shrewsbury boys will pardon me for my ignorance, until just lately, of the fact that a confectioner's and fruiterer's shop is run in the town of Shrewsbury by that famous school. It is managed by the elder lads, and the profits are applied for the benefit of the games in which the boys delight. This appears to me a curious and pleasing instance of the co-operative system.

I have read a luscious description of a lady named Alice Thompson, who weighs five hundred and eighty-six pounds, takes part, for gain, in a "show" bicycle-race, and is called "the handsomest fat woman" in America. This paragon of adipose beauty possesses, it seems, a "really classic face," and is, further, a bright, intellectual person. Though taught merely at a country school, she has educated herself to a point of knowing three languages fluently. Indeed, so proficient is she in French and German, that she reads nearly every paper-covered and loosely bound novel that finds its way out to her. Why does not some English showman engage Alice Thompson?

According to accounts that have reached me, the belles of Columbia have taken very kindly to cigarette-smoking, and the elaborately adorned cigarette-cases which they use rival in splendour those about which we have recently heard so much. Daintily and expensively embellished also are the little holders, or tongs, which these nicotine-loving damsels employ to save their fair fingers from disfiguring stains; and there are whispers, too, of pretty padded smoking-jackets, with many convenient pockets (a matter often neglected in feminine attire), and becoming fezzes for head-gear. This phase of "New Womanhood" has certainly some points of attraction.

Two very sensible articles by Miss Amy G. Theobald have appeared recently in the *Vegetarian*. The writer is evidently heart and soul with the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union, to whose work I have more than once referred in these pages. Miss Theobald writes enthusiastically of the art which may be allied to healthy costumes. There is no reason for doubting that ladies may look quite as delightful in sensible clothing as in that which is decreed by Dame Fashion without any regard to health. I wish Miss Theobald all success in disseminating these principles.

Mark Twain's aphorism as to the small number of original jokes has been amusingly exemplified to me. A short time back, a Devonshire friend told me a very funny story. It was of a farmer of that county, much addicted to "the cup which cheers," and my friend vouched for its accuracy and his knowledge of the personage. The aforesaid farmer was driving back from market, and, under the combined influence of the sun and copious libations, "fell on sleep." Some youthful neighbours discovered the mare grazing by the roadside, and, taking her out of the shafts, turned her into a field, and propped the vehicle against the gate. The occupant, awaking, was much puzzled, and said, "Be I Varmer B., or bain't I Varmer B.? If I be Varmer B., I've a-lost a 'orse; if I bain't Varmer B., I've a-vound a cart!" A few days after, a Scotch friend, professing similar knowledge of the personage, told me of the same occurrence, the scene and dialect being changed to a northern locality; and, only a short time after, in an evening paper, I came across the same tale, with a difference, this time borrowed from another paper: Cabman, propped against lamp-post, "If I'm not number sheventy-six, I've found a whip; but if I'm number sheventy-six, I've lost a four-wheeler."

If your eye longs for floral beauty, let me recommend you to take a train from Waterloo to Surbiton, near which station may be seen Messrs. Barr and Son's peonies by the acre. The firm sent me a beautiful bouquet of a few out of the hundreds of varieties which they possess of this lovely flower.

With regard to the influence of the wearer on watches, I think my correspondents have missed the point. I don't think the young person from the country meant it in the way suggested. It is a well-known fact that watches take their time from their wearers, so to speak; but I have always understood that the delicate mechanism of the watch is affected by the varying amount of electricity contained in the bodies of wearers. Even leaving this out of the question, the temperature of bodies is, of course, dissimilar, and this would seem to me to be quite sufficient to account for the variation. My watch always loses when I carry it; but I don't think it is because I am a slow-going subject, only that I am a little warmer-blooded than the ordinary—although not necessarily a "hot 'un."

The *Golden Penny* is not only the latest addition to the penny weeklies, but also the latest penny venture of the proprietors of the *Graphic*. The first number has plenty of pictures in it, and a very interesting coloured supplement of the Queen at the age of four.

To an unfortunate extent, Ireland is largely an undiscovered country to the average Britisher. I say unfortunate advisedly, because, if travellers had even a vague idea of the beauties of the bourn across the Channel, I am sure there would be an ever-growing influx of visitors to the sister isle. Efforts are in progress to open up the country to tourists, and any movement in that direction is well worthy of encouragement from everybody concerned. The photographs on the opposite page show some characteristic bits of Irish scenery.

Speaking of Irish photographs reminds me that I owe an apology to Messrs. Chancellor, of Dublin, who supplied a page of photographs of the stallholders at the Ierne Bazaar in Dublin. The original photo-prints were exceedingly good; but, unhappily, the reproducer did not rise to his opportunity, the result being that they appeared in these pages somewhat muddy.



PICTURESQUE IRELAND.—I.

*Photographs by R. Welch, Belfast.*



LONDONDERRY, FROM WATERSIDE.



THE GREAT ARCH, DOAGHBEG, PORT SALON, DONEGAL.



DOE CASTLE, DONEGAL.



DEVENISH ABBEY, ROUND TOWER, AND LOUGH ERNE.



BLANEY BAY AND ROSS POINT, LOUGH ERNE, FROM CARRICK REACH.



EAST STRAND AND GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL, BUNDORAN.



A DONEGAL SPINNER, ROSAPENNA, MULROY BAY.



PORT SALON STRAND AND THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE, FROM THE GOLF LINKS.



## NOTES FROM THE OPERA.

Sir Augustus Harris promises a performance to-morrow of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," when Mdle. Bellincioni will appear. In this connection the portraits of the composer and the songstress will be interesting. The date of Madame Calvé's *rentrée* is not yet announced, though many of the admirers of the popular French *prima donna* are anxious to hear her in some of her favourite rôles.

There is not very much to record in the way of opera since the production of "Harold"—in fact, the appearance of Maurel in "Falstaff" and the Patti night are the two notable novelties. Despite the admirable work of Maurel, who, as representative of the fat Knight, does splendid work, it seems doubtful whether "Falstaff" really pleased all the house. One is disposed to think that, though "Falstaff" as a work of musical humour will enjoy immortality, it has not yet quite come to its own, and the public at large of to-day is not truly capable of appreciating the subtlety of its humours, the dexterous merriment of the orchestra, and the wonderfully characteristic tone of the music. Nevertheless, there were many who certainly took very hearty pleasure in the work, and it was received with far greater favour than earlier in the season, before the arrival of the great French singer.

I have heard comments not complimentary to our public upon the enthusiasm shown concerning Patti's appearance in "La Traviata." One man scornfully observed to me that the Greeks could hardly have made more fuss when Achilles came out of his tent. Certainly, when one heard of stalls sold at five guineas, surprise was permissible. However, the explanation of the prodigious price of the seats—which, so far as Sir Augustus Harris is concerned, were sold at normal rates—no doubt is the fact that it was

considered *the thing* to hear Patti, and many went for the sake of their reputation as fashionable folk.

Nevertheless, the Patti enthusiasm has a good reason at the back of it, for the singer may be regarded as the last exponent of the grand school of singing which for years reigned in Europe—the last, for, though there are others alive, she alone can give a real idea of her school. Moreover, she certainly is one of the greatest singers that the school has produced. I do not pretend wholly to regret that the present school of singing has abandoned the old traditions, and that, in aiming at the dramatic, it has lost the vocal. Obviously, the change has been caused by the alteration in style of music. Perhaps the most significant fact is that it was in "La Traviata" of Verdi that she appeared—of Verdi, the wonderful old man for whose early operas singers of the Patti school were needed, whereas now he writes in a style that does not demand, and would not truly utilise, the splendid vocalisation of the past. What a wonderful proof of the soundness of the old school is the present state of Patti's voice, which, although it has lost a little of its freshness, still remains exquisite!

It may be that some of us who do not like the early Verdi, the Donizetti, and Bellini operas, hardly feel the true enthusiasm about Patti, yet to us she is of profound interest as a matter of musical history, while I feel that those who have never heard the great Adelina will be very rash to run any risk of failing to enjoy, once, at least, the wonderful tones of her exquisitely trained voice.

Exaggeration becomes infectious when one writes of the exquisite notes of this great singer. The only regret is that she has not appeared in any Wagnerian rôles, for which, as was proved at the Albert Hall, she is eminently suited in voice and style.



SIGNOR MASCAGNI.

Photo by Zaccaria, Florence.



MDLE. BELLINCIONI.

Photo by Dragi, Florence.



MADAME CALVÉ.

Photo by Sarony, New York.



## THE BALTIC CANAL.

The passage from the Baltic to the North Sea, through the Sound, the Cattegat, and Skager Rack, has been always a dangerous and stormy one, and scores of good ships, with their costly merchandise and valuable lives, are engulfed annually in the hungry waters of those seas. The problem of cutting a navigable waterway through the fairly level

amid much ceremony, and four years later the lock-gates were opened by the present Emperor.

The new canal commences at Brunsbüttel, a small maritime town of Prussia, on the right bank of the Elbe, a little distance from its mouth. Here two large harbours have been constructed, the one for the ships of the German Imperial Navy, the other for those of the mercantile marine of all nations. An enormous double lock, lighted by electricity at night, and covering a space of 4600 square yards, gives admission to the canal.



A VIEW OF THE CANAL.



VIEW ON THE CANAL AT KNOOP.

country of Holstein, whereby the toil and dangers of that route might be avoided, had been solved by engineers long before the present Baltic Canal was thought of. Between 1390 and 1398, the opulent merchants of Lübeck opened a river communication between the two seas by the Stecknitz and the Delvenau, which flow into the Elbe above Lauenburg. This canal, however, which has been in use for close upon five centuries, is capable only of carrying boats of small size. A century later, Hamburg and Lübeck were connected by another canal; while, in 1777, the Eider, or Schleswig-Holstein Canal, was commenced, and completed in 1784, whereby the Baltic and the North Seas, for the third time, were joined together. This navigable canal, of an average depth of 10½ ft., permits small vessels of 120 tons to avoid the 350 miles of voyage round the peninsula of Jutland. Its deficiencies of construction, however, have made it of little use to ships in general, and of little or no strategic importance to Germany. Consequently, it was found necessary to construct a canal which should be able to carry modern ships of the largest size swiftly from sea to sea. The opportunity for making such a waterway came to Prussia first in 1864, after the Danish War, when the Provinces of Schleswig-Holstein were detached from the Crown of Denmark. The project was postponed, however, through the

A "Pegel" tower, some fifty feet high, shows the water-level in the Elbe, in the Brunsbüttel lock, and in the canal. From Brunsbüttel, the canal's course is first north-easterly, and then northerly, to Grünenthal, where there is a superb high-level railway bridge of one enormous span. Thence the course is to Rendsburg, on the Eider, a federal fortress town of Prussia. From Rendsburg the canal passes in an easterly direction to Levensau, where it is crossed again by a splendid high-level railway bridge of two spans, the largest yet built in the German Empire. From Levensau the final section is to Holtenau, on the Bay of Kiel, where there is another enormous double lock. The canal, throughout its course, is lighted on both sides by electricity, except in the large lakes, where the passage is marked by buoys furnished with gas-oil lamps.

The distance from Brunsbüttel to Holtenau is about sixty-one miles. The canal is 197 ft. wide at the surface of the water, and 72 ft. at the bottom, and is 29½ ft. in depth. The only locks are those at Brunsbüttel and Holtenau. Large basins, for the convenience of ships passing one another, have been constructed at intervals. The passage through the canal is expected to take about eighteen hours. Vessels from the east coast of England, bound for the Baltic, will save a voyage of some two hundred and forty miles by using this route. Some fourteen thousand



ONE OF THE CANAL BRIDGES.



FLOOD-GATE AT HOLTEAU.

influence of Von Moltke, who believed that the money could be spent more advantageously upon the army and navy. But, although postponed, the scheme was not abandoned. Consequently, in 1878, when Germany had become a Naval Power, it was resuscitated; and Herr Boden and Herr Dahlström were instructed to draw up plans for its construction. In 1886 the necessary Bill was introduced into the German Parliament. It was estimated that the works would cost some eight million pounds, and that £50,000 a-year would be required to keep them in order. The money for the undertaking having been voted, an army of labourers and engineers was engaged, and the works commenced. On June 3, 1887, the Emperor William I. laid the foundation-stone of the Holtenau Lock,

ships pass annually through the Sound, and it is confidently anticipated that a large proportion of these will use the new navigable waterway.

The opening of this route is expected to add very materially to the commercial prosperity of the Baltic and North Sea ports lying on or immediately south of the line of the canal. Kiel especially is expected to benefit by it. It will be also of immense strategic importance to Germany, for it places in her hands the power of sending her battle-ships, silently and swiftly, from the Baltic to the North Sea, or *vice versa*. And in order to make the canal safe against foreign interference, both the eastern and western entrances are dominated by formidable fortresses. Holtenau is defended not only by the forts of Falkenstein



and Stosch, but also by the citadels of Friedrichsort and Kiel, while the Elbe entrance is made sure by the forts of Cuxhaven and Neuwerk. A torpedo-station is to be erected also at Brunsbüttel, and probably forts and barracks.

The ceremonies at the inauguration, which at present is expected to begin to-morrow, comprise a grand banquet at Hamburg, the



A TYPICAL PORT.

magnificent procession of war-ships through the canal, a military review at Rendsburg, a naval review at Kiel, and the Regatta of the Imperial Yacht Club.

R. F. MCLEOD.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Celibates" (W. Scott) is a book that demands respect for its carefulness, thoroughness, and literary conscientiousness. It lacks the note of humanity that resounded all through "Esther Waters," and, in a lower tone, through "Vain Fortune." But the stories—there are three—are better written, and they will have, to many, stronger psychological interest. They are more skilful technically, and less appealing. They are coldly cruel. May we not apply to modern analytic fiction the reasonable rules that are applied to vivisection? The novelist does as much as—nay, more—than the historian, the ethnologist, and the philosopher, to bring about a comprehension of the human mind and emotions. Put no narrow restrictions, therefore, on the kind of human nature he will dissect. But it is human nature he is dissecting, and, as the experiment must be painful, let it be rare, and, one would add, necessary, only the meaning of "necessary" would be quarrelled over. The administration of the restrictive laws must be vested in the critics, both writing and reading ones; and if they fall foul of ambitious bunglers who torture poor suffering humanity, from mere vain curiosity, without adequate human result, they need not be looked on as narrow-minded and unenlightened. Mr. George Moore is not a bungler, but in his first story, of "Mildred Lawson," a study of altogether abnormal and depraved egoism, poor humanity is too long under the knife. And for the second, "John Norton," I should better understand his celibate nature without the terrible brutality of the incident that finally made him found his religious order. I think, in the milder mood in which he wrote "Esther Waters," Mr. Moore was in a more likely way to grasp the truth about human nature.

The most fascinating book that has come in my way of late is Mr. C. G. Leland's "Legends of Florence" (Unwin). He is careful to explain that his collection is entirely different from the stories to be found in Hare's "Cities of Central Italy," or in similar books by Scaife, Leader Scott, and the Sisters Horner, all of which are otherwise delightful and of real value. But his tales are nearly all derived from the people themselves—from fortune-tellers, witches, peasant *raconteurs*, or from "antique jest-books and such bygone halfpenny literature as belonged to the multitude, and had its origin among them." They are queer and grotesque and other-worldly, now poetic and spiritual, now ugly and ghoulish, but with the real taste of that obstinate heathen occultism which survives still for those who know where to find it.

Among the very queer stories is one of the ghost of Michael Angelo. His wraith is a particularly aggravating one, though its habit of walking among trees, singing poetry, is harmless enough. It delights to tease lovers, putting spells on them to listen to its singing, and then tormenting them with its gibing laughter, which they mistake for insolent human intrusion. Another special object of its teasing is the lady-artist. If it finds one sketching, it will cause her to daub and blunder and scrawl, and will laugh mockingly at her despair, so that, in terror and anger, she at last runs away. But it is better than its laugh, for the scrawls and daubs turn, later on, into beautiful forms, in the style of Michael Angelo. Students of occultism of the duller kind will find rich food for their speculations in "Initials" and in "Cain and his Worshipers."

By the way, Mr. Leland foretells a new renaissance—"the conflict between the stylists and the more liberally enlightened." The "more liberally enlightened" are, I suppose, the searchers—those interested in things, in people, in stories, in everything illustrating the history of humanity, for their own sake and not as food for "mere literature." And blithely he wields his club in the conflict; for, truth to tell, this book, like his every other, is delightfully *harum-scarum*, defiantly unliterary. But everyone will be with him, even against the stylists, so long as he is so fascinating and suggestive.

The new edition of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (Osgood) contains an important addition, almost an entire chapter. It is not newly written, however, having appeared in the serial issue of the story and in the book as published in America. It is possible to hold two strong and different opinions about the advisability of admitting it into the definitive form of the novel. As a piece of description, it is very fine; but its pathos is cruel. Henchard suffered enough, in all conscience, without seeing with his own eyes the triumph of Newson and being reproached, from Elizabeth-Jane's own mouth, for his deception. But now we are made to follow him on his pitiful journey to be an unbidden guest at her wedding; see him buy garments that will not shame her, and a gift for her out of his slender purse; look on as he watches his old rival, Farfrae, jubilant with his bride, and the cheerful Newson whose parental happiness he had once, by an error of affection, tried to steal; regard him, forlornly humble, under Elizabeth-Jane's reproaches. Such a scene, coming before the final one on Egdon Heath, is more than sensitive readers can well bear.

In his preface Mr. Hardy refers humorously to the criticisms of Farfrae and Farfrae's speech that have been made by Northerners. He admits, with modesty, that the character was "made in England," but hopes "that Farfrae may be allowed to pass, if not as a Scotchman to Scotchmen, as a Scotchman to Southerners." I must say that Scottish critics have never warmly enough acknowledged the flattery to their nation in Farfrae's charm.

Sir Edwin Arnold has collected his latest verses, and published them under the name of "The Tenth Muse, and Other Poems" (Longmans). The title poem was "composed for a Press anniversary," and might be described as "worthy of the occasion." It is a very solemn, grandiloquent appeal to Clio, Euterpe, and the others to admit a Tenth to sit by them on the Pierian Hill. There is a promise of humour and satire about such lines as—

Not less than ye of heav'n—divine no less;  
Room! ye who proudly dwell  
Here on the asphodel!  
Your youngest sister greet, the modern Press.

But the promise is unfulfilled, and our poetic sensibilities are a little shocked by the peremptory manner in which the Heavenly Nine are commanded to accept "Ephemera" as a Tenth. There are a few inferior complimentary poems; but the volume is mostly filled with versions of Japanese and Persian poetry. So far as the subject is concerned, "The Japanese Soldier" will attract most interest, for he was a hero of recent events, this—

Shirakami Genjiro  
(Okayama man),  
(Who) Left his ripening rice, to go  
Fighting for Japan.

Miss Barlow is, for the present, by far the best interpreter of the domestic side of Irish life. In her new volume of tales, "Maureen's Faring" (Dent), there is a good deal of pretty work—in her second-best manner. Some of it is a little tame; her deeper notes are not sounded; but perhaps some of the deficiencies which a comparison with "Irish Idylls" brings out are to be accounted for by her having a special audience in view—young people, I should guess, by the general complexion of the tales. It should be remembered, too, that the stories, or most of them, are more youthful productions than the "Idylls."

"Duologues and Scenes from the Novels of Jane Austen, Arranged and Adapted for Drawing-room Performance" (Dent), is a very creditable attempt by Mrs. Dowson to carry out an excellent idea. One wonders the attempt has never been made before. No doubt, the drawing-room audience should be a somewhat select one, but, then, such a one must somewhere exist, and sometimes lack amusement. The scenes are admirably chosen. "Literary Tastes"—a duologue between Catherine Morland and Isabella Thorpe in the Pump Room at Bath—is from "Northanger Abbey." There is one from "Sense and Sensibility," three from "Emma," and two, both most actable, from "Pride and Prejudice"—"The Proposal of Mr. Collins" and "Lady Catherine's Visit." Simple suggestions about acting and properties are given, and—what one would fain hope was unnecessary—a *résumé* of the chief points in the characters. The series may, presumably, be continued by Mrs. Dowson, but good Austenians in search of polite entertainment for their friends could, without much difficulty, find additional scenes for acting and adapt them for themselves after this good model. o. o.

## NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.



HEROES OF THE CRICKET FIELD.



RICHARDSON, THE SURREY LIGHTNING BOWLER.

## A FAMOUS LONDON SALE-ROOM.

## SOME OF ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

As you turn from the Strand towards Waterloo Bridge, you will notice, on the right-hand side, a building having a certain old-world air about it. The roar of the Strand does not seem to drown the note of repose which the unassuming front of the house suggests to you. Enter, and you are under the roof where Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and



MR. EDWARD GROSE HODGE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Hodge have their sales of rare books, manuscripts, prints, drawings, antiquities, coins, and so on. Of course, you have heard of the famous sale-room—perhaps you know it personally.

The other afternoon (writes a *Sketch* interviewer) I had a chat with Mr. Edward Grose Hodge, who is so well known in connection with his firm. He is full of reminiscences of the great sales which the house has conducted, and himself continues from the rostrum to add to them. He is still to be found, with hammer in hand, when the sale is a very special one; and, indeed, without his genial face, Sotheby's would hardly be itself. He did not tell me himself—a reticent modesty is one of his most notable characteristics—but I believe he has knocked down the highest-priced book, print, autograph, and coin ever sold.

The coin was a Charles II. five-shilling piece, called the Petition Crown, the price £500; the autograph a Shakspeare, the sum also about £500; and the print a mezzotint, "The Graces Sacrificing to Hymen," as it is called, which sold for £375. As for the book, it was the "Psalmorum Codex," about which Mr. Hodge himself told me something, later. Just to round off in a sentence what is surely a unique record, I mention here that the price was £4950.

It was worth while getting a chat with Mr. Hodge, wasn't it? especially as he rarely has half an hour of spare time to give one. Of the three men whose names figure in the designation of the firm, he is the only one now surviving.

"I know the business is a very old one," I began, "but, to be quite precise, how old?"

"It was founded in 1744," said Mr. Hodge, "first as Samuel Baker. Then it became Baker, Leigh, and Sotheby; after that Leigh, Sotheby; and, finally, what it is now, Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge. Ever since 1848 I have been connected with the house, and for about thirty years, now, my name has appeared in it. Books, drawings—engravings, in particular—coins, antiquities, and autographs have been our distinctive characteristics right along."

"Would you say that, within your experience, sales have increased in number?"

"Oh! certainly, there has been a great increase. I might put it roughly that purchases are made for all parts of the world. But, naturally, English people are infinitely the greatest buyers; and after them, perhaps, our cousins the Americans. Recently, however, the

buying of literary and art treasures for America has been somewhat less brisk, thanks to the depression which has been prevalent there. However, I judge that to be a temporary thing."

"Taken altogether, does the demand for valuable things pertaining to literature, art, and the cultured side of life generally, increase, or does it go back?"

"As the sales are more numerous, so also the buying public grows greater and greater. In these matters, as in other lines, London is likely to continue the emporium of the world. If a collection in a foreign country is broken up, it is natural that it should come to London for sale, because there is more money in London than anywhere else. This house sold Napoleon's library from Longwood, St. Helena, and also Talleyrand's library—that, I need hardly add, being before my own time."

"It has not merely been Sotheby's public sales, but the private ones as well?"

"You will remember that we sold the Althorp Library by private contract. It was purchased by Mrs. Rylands for Manchester, and there have been many guesses as to the price paid for it. You may be interested to learn that not one of the guesses was near the exact figure. All I can tell you on the point is that I believe the sale—the price paid, that is—was the largest that has ever taken place in this country or in any other."

"Then the Hamilton manuscripts were sold privately through you to the German Government, were they not?"

"Yes: there were two libraries in Hamilton Palace—one of books, the Beckford Library, the other of manuscripts. We made a catalogue of the manuscripts, and the Berlin Government stepped in and bought them. The books we sold by auction, and the worth of them was best attested by the fact that they realised about £70,000."

"Wasn't it in the Syston Park sale that the copy of the 'Psalmorum Codex' occurred?"

"Yes. This library belonged to Sir John Thorold, and the copy in question of the Psalms was printed in the year 1459. The volume was of great rarity, there being only ten copies known, and it was in excellent condition. Forty years before, it had sold for £136—something of a contrast to the price of £4950 paid for it at the sale by Mr. Bernard Quaritch. At the Syston Park sale Mr. Quaritch also bought a copy of the Mazarin Bible, paying £3900 for it. The Woodhull book sale was a most interesting one, and the dispersion of Lord Jersey's library from Osterley Park was also an event of first-rate importance."

"Didn't you sell the Duke of Buckingham's Stowe manuscripts?"

"Yes, privately, to the Earl of Ashburnham. Naturally, the greatest interest attaches to book sales—the largest public are interested in them—and that is why I have mentioned, merely from memory, one or two of those that have occurred. Of the sales of prints, drawings, antiquities, and coins, I might say much, for some of them have been as interesting in their way as the book sales. But, really, if I were to deal at all fully with our notable sales, even in recent years—taking the various kinds—I should, I'm afraid, have to go over our catalogues; and I'm sure you don't want me to inflict that upon you."

"The catalogues themselves must be something of a history. Have you got them back to the time the business began?"

"We keep them here for ten years' time, and at the British Museum they keep the continuous series. Thus information as to when such and such a treasure was sold, what it brought, and all the rest concerning it, is available, and is very useful."

The file of papers on Mr. Hodge's desk calling for his attention had been growing bigger and bigger, and I thought it time to take to myself the phrase of the hammer, "Going—gone."

## MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD.

Miss Dorothea Baird, whose portrait in the rôle of Rosalind appears on the opposite page, has been less than a year on the professional stage, but has already proved herself one of the most promising of recent recruits. Miss Baird is a daughter of the late Mr. John Forster Baird, barrister-at-law, and is named after a former distinguished member of her family, the Dorothy Forster of Sir Walter Besant's historical romance.

Miss Baird made her first appearance on any stage as Petruchio, in some amateur performances of "The Taming of the Shrew" given in Oxford by ladies only. In the spring of 1894 she played Iris in the Oxford University Dramatic Society's revival of "The Tempest," and, later on, appeared as Galatea in an amateur production of Mr. Gilbert's play. She had, meantime, the advantage of studying under Mrs. Dowson, the Miss Rosina Filippi whom the London playgoer has ill spared to her Oxford friends since her marriage.

Mr. Ben Greet saw Miss Baird's performance as Galatea, and engaged her for his autumn tour, in the course of which she played, among other parts, Constance Neville in "She Stoops to Conquer," Kitty Clive in "Masks and Faces," Hippolyta and Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Georgina Vesey in "Money," and Lady Henry Fairfax in "Diplomacy." In the course of the recent Shakspeare Memorial performances by Mr. Ben Greet's company at Stratford-on-Avon, she appeared as Rosalind, at short notice, in place of Miss Beatrice Lamb, and won quite a reputation by her performance. She afterwards replaced Miss Lamb as Hermione in "The Winter's Tale" on tour, and is now playing Viola and Rosalind in Mr. Greet's pastoral productions. She has been re-engaged by Mr. Greet for the autumn, to support Mr. H. B. Irving, in such parts as Hermione, Desdemona, and Pauline.





MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS ROSALIND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## HERR SUDERMANN.

Sudermann's reputation as a novelist and playwright of original genius is daily on the increase. With Hauptmann, he shares the superlative honour of having conquered the chauvinistic prejudices of Parisians, but whereas the author of "Hannele" has merely succeeded in transporting into wildest enthusiasm that school of juvenile pioneers which constitutes the mainstay of the Théâtre Libre, Sudermann has won the encomiums of a far wider and more venerable public.

In the same Paris where, not a decade ago, the announcement that "Lohengrin" was to be given at the Grand Opera was sufficient to irritate the patriotism of the *bourgeoisie* to revolution pitch, playgoers have lately been flocking amicably to the Renaissance to witness Sarah Bernhardt impersonate Magda, a creation on which the device "made in Germany" is largely writ. Such changes do even "those whom the gods love" live to see.

According to M. Edouard Rod, the popularity of Sudermann is to be attributed to the fact that he is not an exotic at all—"Not a barbarian," to quote M. Rod more accurately. "His style, his sense of proportion," that gentleman goes on to say, in an appreciative article on "Es war" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "his method of composition, his rhetoric, are all characteristic of the famous Gallic school of authors. We claim the right to be proud of him, for he is almost one of ourselves. True, he reveals to us manners and a condition of society essentially foreign; but he does it without shocking our nerves or outraging our traditions. He comes to us not as a revolutioniser of the drama, but as an importer of novelties, which he presents in a form that charms us, because we recognise it as our own."

It is quite possible that Sudermann may have "caught on" in Paris owing, in some measure, to his acquirement of the *décadents'* skill in workmanship. Nevertheless, with all deference to M. Rod, there must be a more far-reaching cause to account for his astounding success at home, where he has passed all his compatriots in the race, and has attained a position almost unique in the literature of his country. His plays have enjoyed runs unprecedented in the history of the German stage. His books have gone into edition after edition, and are greedily devoured not only by the elect, but by the rank-and-file of novel-readers. How is it that a new-comer in the field of letters has been able to attract and retain so infinitely larger a share of public attention than, after long years of painstaking authorship, ever fell to the lot of a Gottfried Keller, Freigarth, Spielhagen, or Paul Heyse? The answer seems obvious enough to those who know Sudermann's works. It is simply that he possesses, in a pre-eminent degree, that divine spark, that vital, inexpressible something which Sir Walter Scott, when he recognised it in the work of author, poet, or painter, found it easiest to define by a snap of the fingers, added to an absolutely single-hearted sincerity that manifests itself in almost every line he has written. Perhaps it is this latter shining quality more than his talent which appeals so strongly to the hearts of his countrymen. Naturally, he has enemies, for it is the common fate of greatness to be as detested and violently attacked by one faction as it is passionately adored and fêted by another. Yet the chief grievance of those who profess abhorrence of Sudermann and all his works seems really to amount to little more than that he has found his *métier* too early, leapt too airily into fame. If he had, like Balzac, taken ten years to discover the true bent of his genius, certain critics would not cavil, for the simple reason that there would be no Sudermann to cavil at. Contemporary continental literature would still remain unenriched by a brilliant series of dramas and novels of striking originality, and the prospect of seeing a play of Sudermann's Englished in London would be even more an event of the dim and distant future than it is at present.

"Frau Sorge," its author's first novel, marks the dawn of a new era in German fiction. It strikes an audacious blow for freedom from the old conventional *gaucheries* of construction to which German novelists have more or less clung tenaciously since the time of "Wilhelm Meister." From the first page to the last, the reader of "Frau Sorge" is carried away by a captivating spontaneity and freshness, and a succession of altogether new emotions. It ranks as first favourite among Sudermann's novels, but "Der Katzensteg," a superb and vivid picture of social Prussia

at the period between the abdication of Napoleon and Waterloo, runs it very close. If it had no other transcendent merits, "Der Katzensteg" would be remarkable for containing one of those brilliant portrayals of female character in which Sudermann excels. He is as profound a student of the *ewig weibliche* as George Meredith himself, and seems positively incapable of producing anything in petticoats devoid of character. His *ingénues*, maidens standing where the brook and river meet, with their robes of innocence unfrayed at the hem, are as subtly drawn and instinct with life as are his women with pasts. Regina, the heroine of "Der Katzensteg," beautiful, loyal-hearted, brave, and pure, though fallen, bears many points of resemblance to Hardy's Tess, but is a more living and pathetic figure.

Simultaneously with these successes as a novelist, Sudermann was winning laurels as a writer for the stage. His first play, "Die Ehre," treats of those social problems with which the Independent Theatre chooses to be identified in a manner almost unrivalled for penetration into complex human motives and mastery of dramatic art. It was followed by "Heimath" ("Magda"), which raised a stormy controversy, friendly and hostile critics being equally vehement in assertion of the unerring rectitude of their respective judgments. A play of a different type, "Sodoms Ende," the story of an artist absorbed and ruined in the vortex

of society, made less mark; and the first representation of "Die Schmetterlinge" was hissed in Berlin, though warmly applauded in Vienna.

But this slight check (if check it can be called) in his career as a dramatist has been amply atoned for by his progress of unqualified triumph in the department of fiction. Only a short time since, the publication of a new novel from his pen, bearing the enigmatical title "Es war," was hailed by the whole German press as an event of the first public importance. This colossal work may, we think, be safely described as Sudermann's masterpiece, for it is hardly conceivable that he will do anything better, comparatively young as he still is. On it he seems to have expended the full strength of his powers, to have summed up in one magnificent *résumé* his profoundest thought, shrewdest observation, the cream of his philosophy. His favourite theme, disagreement between the individual and the family, with which he has dealt in all his previous works so variedly and so ably (except, perhaps, in the case of "Die Schmetterlinge," where he has made the mistake of regarding it from a purely comic point of view), forms, with the problem of repentance, the *leit motiv* of "Es war." It throbs with modernity, and, at the same time, is not lacking in a flavour of old-fashioned romance. There are scenes in it of thrilling dramatic power, consummately executed. In short, "Es war" stands in the same category with such great novels as "Anna Karanina," "Crime and Punishment," "Pères et Enfants," and "Numa Roumestan." Probably, it is scarcely

going too far to predict that its author's name is destined to live for all time among those of the immortals.

At any rate, one thing is certain: that, when he follows in the wake of Zola and Daudet, and visits these shores, with his fascinating personality (fair-haired and blue-eyed, in appearance he resembles a hero out of Wagnerian drama), Sudermann is sure to be as much fêted as were his distinguished *confrères*, and prove the lion of the hour. B. M.



HERMANN SUDERMANN.

Photo by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin.

Since it became necessary to earn a living, men have done many and curious things. It was suggested, over a dinner-table, that a well-known Eastern traveller should recall the most amusing sight he had seen in the way of incongruous occupation. "I was on the platform of a country station some few miles from Belfast," he said, "and I came across a very old man with Oriental features, and a long beard, reading a book written in what I recognised as Hebrew characters. I hailed him in Hebrew as one of the Chosen People, and we soon became very intimate. We discussed agriculture and politics, and I found him well informed. Finally, pointing to the large package he carried pedlar-wise over his shoulders, I asked him what he did for a living. To my great amusement, he untied his goods and showed me innumerable chromolithographs of the Virgin and different saints. 'I go through the country selling these,' he said; 'and I don't mind confessing that it is a fairly good business, for the people who can't afford to pay their landlords can always afford the picture of a saint. What is due for rent often comes to me.'"



## THE MAID IN THE MOON.

*Photograph by Hana, Strand.*

You've heard it very often said  
 The Moon contains a Man,  
 Or rather, that it holds his head—  
 The trunk you cannot scan.  
 And, looking with the eye alone,  
 You think you see the coon;  
 But now the camera has shown  
 A Maiden rules the Moon.

She doesn't seem to mind the risk—  
 At least, she shows no fear—  
 In 'standing tiptoe on the disc  
 Of Luna's silver sphere.  
 The hapless Man, unless he mind,  
 Will tumble one day soon,  
 And in his place you're sure to find  
 A Maiden in the Moon.



'Tis only but another sign  
 Of woman's growing power;  
 The all-pervading feminine  
 Increases hour by hour.  
 Britannia long has ruled the waves,  
 On earth man's pantaloons  
 Has roused her envy. Now she craves  
 The mastery of the Moon.

The poet used to call his love  
 (In frenzied words) "his star";  
 Too dazzling bright to serenade,  
 Too high to reach by far.  
 I wonder did he ever guess  
 The latter-day cartoon  
 Would come to show, in sportiveness,  
 A Maiden in the Moon.

J. M. B.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## MR. LUCY'S GLADSTONE.\*

Mr. Gladstone is not, perhaps, an especially picturesque figure to the purely literary eye. To the man who has never seen him or heard him, and who judges him purely by his speeches and his writings, his career and personality may seem to lack the supreme fascination of more flamboyant figures. Men like Disraeli, Bismarck, Lincoln, have the literary cachet. Disraeli's dandyism, Bismarck's beer-drinking and epigrams, Lincoln's jokes—these things call up those instant mind-pictures which the student may possibly fail to obtain in Mr. Gladstone's case. It is the man who has heard him and seen him, who has lived in the light of his eye, on whom the great Gladstonian fascination falls. Mr. Lucy has had, perhaps, an unexampled experience of this side of the great man's life. He has, as he informs us in the preface to this contribution to the "Statesmen Series," supplemented his narrative by personal notes



MR. H. W. LUCY.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

made over a period of twenty years—a time which covers not, perhaps, the most fruitful, but certainly the most picturesque phases of the ex-Premier's career. As a matter of fact, two-thirds of this pleasant volume are concerned with the two closing decades of Mr. Gladstone's life. Composed under such conditions, Mr. Lucy's narrative takes, on precisely the aspect which is proper to its scheme, and which gives it an interest and charm of its own. No more suggestive passage in the troubled series of those years is there than that which recalls, in language of great precision and power, the strange conflict between Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, as representing the Home Rule Radicals in the Cabinet of 1880, on the one hand, and Mr. Gladstone held back by the Whig section on the other. The crisis was averted by the sudden defeat of the Government and the accession to power of Lord Salisbury with his stop-gap Administration. But, at one time, it looked as if the Liberal Party might be rent in twain in 1885, as it was in 1886, on the Irish Question, the difference being that in that case Mr. Chamberlain would have led the Home Rule schism, and Mr. Gladstone might, sorely against his private will, have been forced to oppose it. Mr. Lucy's picture of the Ministerial crisis is worth quoting to-day, for the occasion was one of the great turning-points in the history of Liberalism.

Five minutes later Sir Charles Dilke bustled in and took a seat near the Home Secretary's. Evidently there was somewhere a flaw in the course of conjecture, which was finally shattered by the appearance of Mr. Chamberlain with a white orchid—symbol of peace—in his buttonhole. The Ministry were, for the moment, safe. But the crisis was postponed, not averted—a turn of affairs which rather deepened the feeling of discontent and depression. If anything was to happen,

in Heaven's name let it happen at once, and make an end of this indefinite dragging on through the slough of uncertainty. Mr. Gladstone, rising at eleven o'clock to-night in a moderately filled House, delivered a remarkable and interesting speech. Looking at him as he stood at the table, with a certain ashen-grey tinge on his face, and a distinct lassitude in his manner, it might well be thought that here was a man weary to death of incessant labour, gasping for a holiday near at hand. This view was strengthened by the tone in which he spoke. The magnificent voice, for fifty years familiar in the House of Commons, which not many years ago resounded over Blackheath, and which sounded like a clarion through Midlothian, is broken. I believe that, during his last visit to Midlothian, he overstrained it, and, though the failure was at the time regarded as temporary, there appears now no doubt of its permanency. But, though the Premier seemed almost in the last stage of physical exhaustion, and his voice was husky, and sometimes did not rise above a whisper, there was no sign of failing power in the skill and force with which he met the battery arrayed against him, for some hours blazing away at every point of Ministerial policy. The sentences were as perfect in their construction as ever, the play of fancy as free, and the sarcasm as keen as in his best days.

There are many excellent "notes" of this description, touched by Mr. Lucy with his light, easy hand, and just a suspicion of the humorist behind it. The personal recollections are all in good sense and in good taste, and I do not know a more finished description of Mr. Gladstone in a rather hostile sense than this which Mr. Lucy introduces into his account of the personal feeling and relations between Mr. Gladstone and his greatest rival.

On one night that dwells in the memory he talked much more genially of Disraeli than was his wont. Admiration of his ability was generally handicapped by distrust of his moral characteristics and dislike of his tactics. On this night he was unsparing of his praise, even invented a new word in his honour. "He was," he said emphatically, "the greatest sarcast that ever spoke in Parliament," and forthwith he rattled off half-a-dozen of "Dizzies'" phrases, some of them famous, all of which he had heard. It is to be hoped he never heard one, not the least clever, which the late Cardinal Manning made note of. "You surprise me," said Lord Beaconsfield, when Manning had been comparing what he regarded as the calm, broad-balanced Gladstone of an earlier day and the Gladstone of later years; "I thought he had always been an Italian in the custody of a Scotchman."

Mr. Lucy's book will, no doubt, pass through many hands, and will be agreeable reading for all.

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

## LOVE'S JEST.

(Imitated from a Sicilian Folkslied.)

So, Colin, you are going back  
To our native heath?  
There you'll see the boys and girls,  
Boys and girls,  
Boys and girls—  
There you'll see the boys and girls  
Dance the Maypole 'neath.  
Oh, Colin, how I envy you  
Dancing on the green!  
For there you'll meet my buxom Kate,  
Cosy Kate,  
Rosy Kate—  
There you'll meet my chosen Kate,  
My rosy May-day Queen!  
Colin, when you talk to Kate,  
Do not lose your head!  
If she seem in sighing mood,  
Crying mood,  
Dying mood—  
If she seem in sighing mood,  
Say—that I am—*dead*!  
If she fall not in a swoon,  
If she toss her head,  
Seem to take it airily,  
Cheerily,  
Merrily—  
If she take it merrily,  
Say—that I am—*wed*!  
Then if she begin to weep,  
And cry "Woe worth the day!"  
Say I'll cure her sorrow soon,  
Very soon,  
To-morrow noon—  
Say I'll come to-morrow—Nay!  
I'll come with you to-day,  
My darling Kate,  
I cannot wait—  
I'm coming, yes, to-day!  
Yes, to-day!  
Yes, to-day!  
Come, Colin, come away!

MARK AMBIENT.

\* "The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. A Study from Life." By H. W. Lucy. London: W. H. Allen and Co.

NOTE.—The pun about yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow in the last verse is too subtle to explain even in a foot-note.—M. A.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Recent sales of pictures have not brought anything of interest before the eye of the public; but one or two fluctuations in popularity, recently declared at Christie's, may be interesting in the record. In 1887, Fred Walker's "Fisherman and Gillic" sold for 720 guineas; it went the other day for 430 guineas. Troyon's "The Timber Waggon" sold, three years ago, for the sum of 210 guineas; it is now priced at 175 guineas. Rosa Bonheur shows, on the other hand, both a depression and an increase. In 1870 her "Going to Market" was bought at 1700 guineas; eighteen years later it fetched the sum of 1000 guineas; it has just been sold for 1440 guineas. Gainsborough, of course, after a

we fear, has gone the way of all flesh, the way of so many of the beauties whom he drew, the way of the venerable painter himself.

In our former notices of the Academy we have not hitherto touched upon the sculpture, which, however, claims attention, if only for one exquisite figure, the little "Orpheus," by Mr. Swan. Of all the treasures that the Academy holds, we would most willingly possess this. It is the figure of a youth bending backwards, with a golden lyre in one hand, and, around his feet, his listeners are indicated in mass. The attitude is one of extreme grace; the limbs are fashioned with an exquisite sense of



THE ITINERANT PHRENOLOGIST.—RALPH HEDLEY.

lapse of thirty-five years, has increased in value, "A Landscape" selling in 1860 for 77 guineas, and now going for 200 guineas. Oddly enough, too, Mr. Orchardson has also progressed in favour; his "Story of a Life," which was sold in 1874 for £300, has now realised 710 guineas. To conclude, Rembrandt's portrait of "Eliazar Swalinus," which fetched 760 guineas three years ago, went for 400 guineas the other day.

When we do not forget it, it is our habit to laugh at the fashionable painting and drawing of the middle Victorian era. We have just been reminded, however, rather sadly of that singular period by the death of Mr. John Hayter. Mr. Hayter had attained the respectable age of ninety-five when he died, and it is curious to remember that there was a time when his popularity was exceeding great: it was, indeed, regarded as the fashionable thing, if you happened to be a beauty, to have your portrait done in crayons by Hayter. The *Court Album* contained numerous examples, in engraving, of his various fashionable portraits—portraits of those who then were young and beautiful. The *Court Album*,

line and form; and the light, beautiful figure well contrasts with the ingenious masses grouped at the feet. It is altogether a work of singular charm and beauty.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's statue, "The Joy of Life," suffers somewhat from restlessness. It is a draped female figure, standing with one arm outstretched, the other arm being engaged in removing the drapery from one of the legs, which is drawn up in dancing attitude. The lower part of the figure is thereby made far too broad and uneasy; and although we willingly grant the cleverness of execution and the excellent modelling, we do not easily forgive, in statuary, the perpetuation of what is, after all, a fleeting and mutable moment. The eye, which expects change from any restlessness, grows weary of a trivial attitude which is for ever changing and which never changes.

It might reasonably be supposed that the same objection might be raised against Mr. W. Goscombe John's really interesting figure,

"A Boy at Play." But here, although the attitude is momentary, the balance is so equipoised that there is no expectation, to the eye, of any change. The composition, too, is quite fine in its way, and the whole statue suffers from no restlessness or lack of ease. Of others, we cannot conscientiously rouse ourselves to any particular enthusiasm over the Countess Feodora Gleichen's rather solid bust of "H.R.H. the Princess of Wales"; Mr. Henry C. Fehr's rather pretentious "Hypnus bestowing sleep upon the earth" has distinct imaginative qualities, and Mr. Frampton's "Mother and Child" is quaint and pleasing.

Mr. Holman Hunt has always been a very serious person indeed; but he was more than usually serious in his recent Romanes lecture at Oxford. He is shocked by the methods we have, in this country, of selecting the artists who shall build up those public works by which our artistic reputation is made among the nations of the world. He complains bitterly that the responsible members of the Government who have to decide this kind of thing know nothing whatever of the matter in hand, and just appoint anybody who may win influence by personal favour. This is, perhaps, true enough; but when Mr. Hunt leaves this somewhat obvious train of thought for original suggestion as to how the thing shall in future be managed, we cannot honestly declare that his method impresses us as likely to make much advance upon our present system.

It is worth while, however, to quote a few of his own words—

The first step should be to supply graduates of the Universities with a radical knowledge of the sciences employed in art, to qualify them for the development of a good judgment. All barely theoretical teaching was apt to mislead the amateur, and puff him up with conceit. His study should be practical, and of matters that were sure. It might be a question how far such training should extend, but it might be at once laid down that a full acquaintance with the proportions of the human figure was required, with the laws of balance and equipoise which controlled movements and the carrying of weights. Beyond such acquirements, a knowledge of the laws of perspective should be attained, and, as the due corollary, the simple laws of light and shade might be mastered. These, and some understanding of the varieties of each people's decorative design, if well established in the amateur mind, might entitle a young man to a degree which should qualify him for any post of responsibility in the control of national works or in publishing opinions on matters of art. He would only add his assurance that such a simple provision by the Universities as that indicated would impart great vitality to the whole range of English art design.

Now, does Mr. Hunt seriously suppose that, for the purposes of making a man a sound judge of art, all that is necessary is to teach him the proportions of the human figure, a knowledge of the laws of perspective, and the "simple laws of light and shade"? Is there any human being in the world who could fail to learn these things in three months? And would a training such as this rightly recommend a candidate to "any post of responsibility in the controlling of national works"? Unfortunately, Mr. Holman Hunt forgets, in these somewhat elementary directions, that the unwritten laws of taste cannot be communicated in this easy-going and facile fashion, and that his remedy is, therefore, simply a continuation, with an immaterial difference, of the old order of things.

But it is when Mr. Hunt becomes indignantly virtuous that we find him least of all tolerable. He cannot away with French art: its erotism, he declares, is not a gospel of love, but of hate. It is incalculable, according to his view, what evil effect the art of France has had

in recent days over the art of the world. Now, unfortunately, this is a view which confounds art with morality so monstrously and absurdly that we should not stay to argue upon it if it did not involve grave injustice. Whatever the failings of the art of France may, in the hands of unworthy exponents, have been, there can be no reasonable doubt



MINIATURE OF IVOR, SON OF MR. GEOFFREY BUXTON.—MISS ETHEL J. ROSENBERG.

Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.

that to the technical knowledge of art that country has contributed invaluable assistance. Mr. Hunt, perhaps, will maintain that the French technique is unendurable, even as the French artistic intention is unendurable. To which we merely answer, Let any man who visits the Guildhall Exhibition compare the technique of "The Scapegoat" with that of Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "The Forging of the Anchor," the technique of which owes so much to France, and then let him judge.



YOUNG LIONS WALKING.—HARRY DIXON.

Exhibited at the New Gallery.

Among Sir Donald Currie's guests on board the Tantallon Castle, a splendid steamship, is Mr. Melton Prior, the special artist of the *Illustrated London News*. Some sketches of the opening of the Baltic Canal may be expected from Mr. Prior, who will doubtless make a drawing of the most distinguished voyager on board the Tantallon Castle—Mr. Gladstone. By the way, another artist on the staff of our contemporary, Mr. Julius M. Price, F.R.G.S., is expecting to leave England on the 21st for Western Australia. Mr. Price has been commissioned to make sketches all over "Westralia," a colony which is just now specially interesting to the British public. The story of Mr. Price's travels, which begin on board the P. and O. Steamship Oceana, will appear in the *Illustrated London News* from time to time. His adventures three or four years ago, when he crossed Siberia into Mongolia, will be recalled. Mr. Price is quite delighted at a chance of again achieving renown, although in a less dangerous fashion.



"THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



SALLY LEBRUNE (MISS JULIETTE NESVILLE), AND MR. JORGAN (MR. WARING).

SALLY: "Do you like my picture?"



SIR VALENTINE FELLOWES (MR. ALEXANDER), AND SALLY.

SIR VALENTINE: "*Exquisite—as exquisite as you are!*"



ALMA SULENY (MISS ELLIOTT PAGE), AND SIR VALENTINE.

SIR VALENTINE: "*It's you, and not the others, that we will have for our mothers and sisters and wives.*"



ALMA SULENY AND LADY BEAUBOIS (LADY MONCKTON).

ALMA: "*Tell me candidly—do you see anything improper in it?*"

"THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



T. Blagg (Master Saker). Hesselwood (Mr. Esmond). Pote (Mr. Robson). Skewett (Mr. Welch). Jorgan. Alma. Lady Beauboys.

WILLIE HESSELWOOD: "Say what you choose of her; she'll make no reply."

Sally.



Skewett.

Jorgan.

Blagg (Mr. Hendrie).

Wapes (Mr. Vincent).

SALLY: "You are all I have in the world!"



"THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



MISS JULIETTE NESVILLE AS SALLY LEBRUNE.

LADY BEAUBOYS: "You're making somebody else's pockets quite empty."  
SALLY: "Somebody else's? Who is he?"

## THE SOMALIS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

*Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, by kind permission of Messrs. Negretti and Zambra.*

Anyone who would enjoy perfectly natural acting—that is, indeed, no acting, but pure nature—will do well to visit our Somali visitors at the Crystal Palace. They are interesting as performers in the arena, perhaps more so when one has a closer view. For a short time before their display began, the other afternoon, a *Sketch* representative was, by the kindness of Messrs. Hagenbeck, Judge, and Menges, permitted to go behind the scenes and witness the Somalis arming for the fray. They were



CHIEF HERSÉ AND HIS WIFE CHAIRO.

perfectly unembarrassed, and showed a lively interest in the visitor, who, to their intense delight, showed them copies of the illustrations accompanying this article. They seized upon the pictures, chuckled, laughed, and capered, as they recognised the faces of comrades, and, to quote the ancient saw, were as "happy as sandboys." But their tastes went beyond art. They evinced a desire for literature, and the visitor had, perforce, to give up his note-book, which they examined critically, and demanded to know what certain words meant. Mr. Menges informed them that the writing in question was the name of Noor Hassan, the tallest man of the tribe (he stands six feet two inches), and the information was received with general approval, and shouts of "Noor Hassan Angli!" Professional jealousy seems entirely absent among these simple Africans; they seized eagerly on the portraits of their chief Hersé and his wife Chairó, recognised them in a moment, and shouted their names with the most unaffected delight.

The Somalis are a handsome race; the men are, some of them, like bronze statues, lithe and graceful in build. Great muscular development they do not possess, but they are capable, nevertheless, of enduring a great amount of fatigue. Their women, in their earlier years, are attractive, but they age rapidly and lose their good looks. The chieftainess Chairó is about sixteen, her husband is twenty-five, or thereby, but they cannot tell their ages. Many of the ancient features of the Somali race have disappeared, through long intermarriage with the neighbouring Arab tribes, and some of the tribesmen are now strongly Arabian in appearance. Their faces are generally pleasing, the features well-formed, the nose somewhat aquiline and finely cut, though the lips are often slightly prominent. The hair is worn sometimes long, sometimes short, and both sexes use an extraordinary pomatum of mutton-fat. After each application of this savoury dressing, they powder the hair with finely rubbed earth. One of the most striking peculiarities of the Somalis is the variation of colour. The skin varies, in individuals, from bright reddish-brown to black, and these variations, strangely enough, occur among members of the same family. In religion, the Somalis are strict Mohammedans—stricter, indeed, than many of that faith, for they are said rigidly to follow that injunction of the Koran which forbids the use of spirituous liquors to all true followers of the Prophet. In their

devotion to Islamism they are said to be perfectly fanatical, and the Somali priests of the interior, the Wodadin, make it their business to foment this temperament among their ignorant and superstitious followers.

The dress of the Somalis is entirely picturesque. For generations they have worn the graceful long cotton robe or toga which is common also to Abyssinians and Nubians. They wear also coloured cloths round the waist, and, of late years, red-and-white striped draperies from the looms of South Arabia have come into fashion. The married women who are mothers conceal their locks with a blue kerchief, and in all matters pertaining to dress they show the true feminine instinct of making the most of their appearance. Apart from this matronly kerchief, however, neither sex protects the head in any way even from the fiercest heat. Their sandals are very quaint, and serve various purposes—even, on occasion, that of an offensive weapon, as was apparent from one of the "unrehearsed effects" of the performance. It was during a single combat between two braves: one had been disarmed, but still fought gamely on. Bereft of spears and knife, he ran a little way from his adversary, and then, turning, deftly hurled first his shield and his sandals, one after the other, at his opponent. Thereafter, to assure the spectators that there was no ill-feeling, the combatants jocosely shook hands, and returned amicably to the village. Nearly all the display is impromptu, excepting, of course, the order in which the "events" follow one another; but all the by-play is as spontaneous as it is diverting. The antics of the picaninies are exquisitely droll. One small bundle, less than three feet high, is already a warrior at heart. With his little reed sword he imitates all the martial swagger of his elders in a way that is irresistibly comic, especially when the wind lands him in difficulties with his little toga. To the sport-loving British audience, the most popular features of the exhibition are those where competitive skill is the main point. The dexterous spear-throwing roused the audience to enthusiasm, also the horse-racing, but the camel-race was not taken seriously. The ship of the desert, with his lurching roll and ungainly stride, was regarded rather as a clown than as a sportsman. The camel appears to more advantage in the picturesque procession that closes the display.

Herr Carl Hagenbeck, of Hamburg, the organiser of the Somali Exhibition, was the first to originate the idea of associating, with the animals of



THE LITTLE SOMALIS.

various countries, representative groups of the natives of these countries. His first attempt in this direction was a family of Laplanders. These were accompanied by forty-two reindeer. Herr Hagenbeck then introduced into his exhibition Eskimos, Kalmucks, and Nubians. Later, he arranged his Ceylon Exhibition, which created a furor at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation, where, in ten weeks, it was visited by more than a



## THE SOMALIS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

*Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, by kind permission of Messrs. Negretti and Zambra.*



A CAMEL CORPS.

million persons. In 1891 Herr Carl Hagenbeck had conferred on him the diploma d'Officier de l'Académie de France, granted by the Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts as a recognition of the benefit he had conferred on the French nation by his instructive anthropological and zoological exhibitions. Herr Hagenbeck has long been

assisted by Herr Joseph Menges, an African hunter and traveller of repute, who accompanied General Gordon in his first expedition up the Nile. Since 1882 Herr Menges has annually visited Somaliland, and he is deeply versed in knowledge of the people and their habits. In the fauna and flora of the Somali country he is also an expert.



THE VILLAGE.

## SOWING AND REAPING.

*Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.*





THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



INNOCENCE ABROAD.







"HE'S ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW HIM FIRST!"



GUNNING-KING

"You are a beauty! Who'd have thought that your master and I used to be partners in the pickled pork trade?"



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## AN ACQUAINTANCE RENEWED.

BY MABEL E. WOTTON.

Mr. Francis Digby had become a success. He had only had five years of London life, and for two of them had been happy, starving the while indifferently well. Then he had fallen into wrong hands; there had been a tragic interlude of four months; and he had started again with his views of life readjusted. It was at this time he wrote a novel under the pseudonym of Jason Smart, and in it he ran a-muck at every received canon of God and man. He was not vicious, by nature, and he would have pooh-poohed the ethics of half he wrote had he reviewed it as the work of another man; but the bitterness begotten of recent experience took refuge in audacity, and forthwith grew by what it fed on. When he found he had stumbled across a short cut to fame, he naturally pursued the road the more ardently, and a second novel followed the first. When a man wields a bludgeon instead of a stick, most of us look on it as a sign of power, without waiting to gauge the accuracy of the blow; so Digby speedily got himself talked about, and being possessed of real ability, he managed to retain the niche the critics had made him. Whenever discussions were necessary to fill up certain papers, his pen was in much requisition, and when unsigned, his articles would draw forth a volley of abuse from more commonplace and decidedly more respectable people, who denounced him in no measured terms as atheistical, and beyond the social pale.

Digby apparently cared neither for the ostracism of an unknown portion of the public nor for the adulation of his own set; but he stuck to his colours, and when, after various attempts, he believed himself thoroughly in love, he and she agreed upon the subject without time-worn formulæ.

"You shall be as happy as the day is long, Nettie," he said, "and so shall I." But, somehow, he didn't look it.

The weather was tolerably inviting when, one evening late in autumn, he suddenly bethought himself that as he particularly wanted to see a man named Lucas, and the said Lucas was pretty sure to be at an "At Home" the Artists' Club was giving that night, he had better go there and find him. So he went, and, failing in his search, was standing moodily in the doorway to once more scan the passing crowds, when his glance was arrested by the direct gaze of a woman at the opposite side of the room. Another minute, and they were shaking hands.

"Meg!—by all that is wonderful! Why, what good wind blows you here?"

His face had changed: he looked bright and interested. Now that he saw her, he recollected suddenly how fond he had always been of Meg, though it was five years since they had met.

"We are at the Langham just for to-night." There was the faintest touch of northern burr in her speech, but so faint that it rather awoke association than gave the impression of being actually there. "Father and I start for Cannes to-morrow. Some people called Trevor brought me here to-night. Shall I—?"

"Don't introduce me," he said hastily. "I want to have you all to myself. Come into the corridor. Here! By these palms, will that suit you? Let me shift that cushion—now! Meg, you are looking exactly the same, and I feel a century older. How do you manage it?"

She laughed.

"Do I look the same? I am thirty, you know. But there is nothing in my life to change me very much. The village, and the dear people, and the parish talk, it is all very much the same."

He sat silent, surveying her with a delight that fairly amazed him. Latterly he had not thought often of Meg, but before then it had always been pleasant to recall her as possessed of a dual charm. One of them was that no one had ever thought so extravagantly well of him as did she; and the other was that she was the one woman with whom he felt he could go any length of friendship without the fear of falling in love. That she was some years his senior, and he had known her all his life, may possibly have had something to do with this.

"Do they still wrangle about that right of way?"

"Yes."

"And the Vicar is still alive?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And the dear old Colonel? Tell me about your father, Meg?"

It was not long before they were deep in his account of early struggles.

"You never wrote to us," she said reproachfully, "and I lost touch of you when you left those lodgings," and Meg's eyes were eloquent comment as they clouded or sparkled. Once they glistened.

"My poor boy!—and you were actually hungry!" she said. "Oh, I am so proud of you that you didn't give in!"

Presently she told him she knew of one of his London friends, and challenged him to guess which.

He shook his head lazily, thinking less of her question than of what a pleasurable sensation she was giving him. He had quite forgotten all these foolish high-flown ambitions of his, and to renew the acquaintance of his dead and gone self had a piquancy about it for which he was grateful.

"Jason Smart."

Digby felt taken aback. He wondered how much she knew, as he

slowly opened and shut her fan. Then he glanced at her again, and felt ashamed of his own suspicions. It was absurd to fancy that Meg could ever mean more or less than she actually said.

"Jason Smart?" he repeated. "Who told you he was a friend of mine?" He leaned forward, planting his arms upon his knees, still very intent upon the fan. "You haven't read his books, have you?"

"One of them. I bought it from a bookstall-boy as we travelled up to-day, and oh! Frank, it is a horrible book. But there is one little bit of description which is lovely, and I know you gave it him."

"I gave it him?"

She nodded.

"That's how I know you must be dear friends, or you would never have told him. For it is our own old orchard, Frank, with the twisted tree near the centre, which we called the throne, just as he does there; and there is the gap in the hedge we wouldn't have mended. Don't you



*He leaned forward . . . still very intent upon the fan.*

remember it? Oh, you must! Why, we used to sit there for hours, and plan all the grand things you were going to do. Reforming the world at large was one of our minor schemes, I rather fancy."

"I remember," said Digby shortly.

He would like to have added something contemptuous about the priggishness of the boy who used to lie under the apple-trees; but, with Meg so full of her subject, the moment seemed somehow inappropriate.

"You didn't care for his book, then?" he said, after a pause. "What was the matter with it?"

Her face flamed, and her lips parted as though the words would be a torrent. Then she checked herself, and looked away.

"It is a bad book," she said quietly; "bad and disgraceful through and through. I hope he has not a mother. She would be so sorry!"

Digby thought of the stock arguments he had heard employed by other men, such as the demands of Art, and the glory of leaving the truth unshackled, and wondered idly if he should try their effect on Meg. Then he told himself she was too hopelessly provincial and narrow-minded to be worth the exertion, and besides—well, he wasn't going to show himself too eager in his partisanship of Jason Smart.

"Well, I will admit he is a bad lot," he said lightly: "as bad as you please. Now, let us drop him and his iniquities, and talk of something else. How long are you going to be at Cannes?"

"Why do you let him?" she demanded suddenly. "Don't you remember the arguments about Sunday-keeping you used to have with old Donald? You said a man might stay in his own room, and drink and swear and play pitch-and-toss all day if he liked, but he had no business to whistle even, because that might shock some passer-by."

Digby's muttered answer was too low for her to catch.

"So I am to teach Smart he is not to propagate unholy thoughts," he added presently, "but that if he likes to think them he can. If he chooses to go to the devil, he is to go *solus*, eh?"

"Now I have hurt you," she said contritely, "because he is your

friend. But even the bits I read of that book made me long to go away and bathe my eyes, because the words seemed to strike them. You know the feeling yourself, Frank. We talked it out over the Russian book you read that last Christmas."

The rooms were growing hot, and the corridor filled slowly. Mrs. Trevor was pointed out, nodding and smiling at Meg as she passed, and a good many recognised Digby, while one or two women cut him dead.

"I suppose I am a brute to sit here with her," he thought savagely, "but I am not going away, and leave her behind to find out the truth. I wonder what she would say, and—yes, by Jove! I wonder what *he* would say."

He knew him so well, this untried, chivalrous fellow of orchard days, that it was not very difficult to conceive the bluntly worded opinion, nor the vehemence with which he would express it. What a hot-headed fool the boy was! What a pragmatistical ass! Yet how genuine was his

unexpected meeting had added the touch of animation her serenity might otherwise have lacked, and had brought a tinge of colour to her clear skin. His moodiness increased. No other eyes met his with that honest friendliness and faith in him. No, they were not much alike.

The smile spread from her eyes to her lips, and she laughed outright. "You are wondering how to be truthful without being positively rude. Confess it, Frank," she said merrily. "Never mind. When we are back from Cannes we shall stay for at least a week in town, and I shall come and call and see for myself. Or would she rather—?"

She stopped abruptly, for Digby had risen to his feet.

"Look here, Meg," he said hurriedly, "I must be off, for I have work to do, and I don't choose to go away and leave you here. Will you let me put you in a cab now, or must we find the Trevors first and explain that you are going?"

She rose at once, a little bewildered.

"The Trevors? Oh! they won't mind. It was arranged I should go earlier if I liked, so as to be rested for to-morrow's journey." His look and tone perplexed her. "What is it?" she asked.

"I can't go and leave you here," Digby repeated doggedly. "I will go back, if you like, when I have seen you off, and tell Mrs. Trevor you were tired. The men here would be pestering for introductions, and some of them you wouldn't care for. I can't explain, Meg; but they are a scandal-mongering set, and you wouldn't enjoy it. You can't stay here."

He fetched her wraps, and as they went down the staircase together, they passed two or three men. They stared openly, in spite of Digby's scowls, and Meg noticed them.

"You are a tyrant to cut my evening short!" she said ruefully. "But you always were a perfect dragon in your care for women, and I refuse to own I am grateful. Tell Mrs. Digby I quite sympathise with her."

Digby started off home at a headlong pace. His face looked curiously white. Arrived there, he was greeted by the refrain of a French chansonette, to which he was obliged to listen, and ordered to applaud, before the singer was at liberty to greet him.

"Well," she asked, "did you come across Lucas? Just the old set, I suppose, or was there anybody fresh?"

"I renewed an acquaintance," said Digby succinctly.

The girl spun round on the piano-stool, and laughed. "Pretty?"

"Pretty?" Digby sat down, suddenly realising that he was desperately tired; "oh, no; it was a boy."

His companion looked at him oddly.

"Have you seen a ghost, Frank? What is the matter? If you have anything to say to me, for pity's sake say it, for you know how I detest mysteries. If I—"

He cut her volubility short by stretching a hand towards her. His mouth was a little drawn.

"Nettie," he said quietly, "will you be my wife?"



*The girl spun round on the piano-stool, and laughed.*

laughter, and how inextricably the old creeds and beliefs seemed mingled with the recollection of long grass, and distant stretches of moorland. And the dream-castles—

He roused himself with a sigh.

"What were you saying, Meg? I didn't hear."

"Lamenting my bad manners. What an unsympathetic wretch you must think me! I haven't congratulated you yet on your marriage."

"My—!" He hesitated, shut the fan very leisurely, and put it back into her hand. "There, I know it will get damaged if I keep it any longer. Thank you, Meg. I didn't know news travelled so far. When did you hear it?"

"Dr. Bayne saw you both at the Lyceum one night, and heard a man speak to Mrs. Digby. Tell me all about her, Frank. What is her name? Have you been married long? You might have written to us!"

"I met her first six months ago," Digby said slowly. "She is fair. Her name is Nettie."

"Is she here to-night? No? I am so sorry! And, oh! Frank, is she exactly like Lady Ideal?"

Digby looked blank. He had not been altogether sure of the identity of "Donald," but who on earth was "Lady Ideal"?

"Now you have forgotten!" she said quickly, and there was a distinct note of disappointment in her voice. "You have forgotten that poor, battered old manuscript we once knew almost by heart."

"What, those strings of platitudes you so patiently copied out for me?—no, indeed, I haven't. Lady Ideal. Let me see, she was the heroine, wasn't she?"

Meg nodded.

"And we almost quarrelled over her once, because she was so much sweeter and wiser than I! So I can picture your wife exactly, you see. The kind of woman that I am, but italicised, of course, and only to be described in superlatives."

He was silent, eyeing her gloomily. The excitement of their



A DAINTY DANCER.

*Photo by Rosemount, Leeds.*

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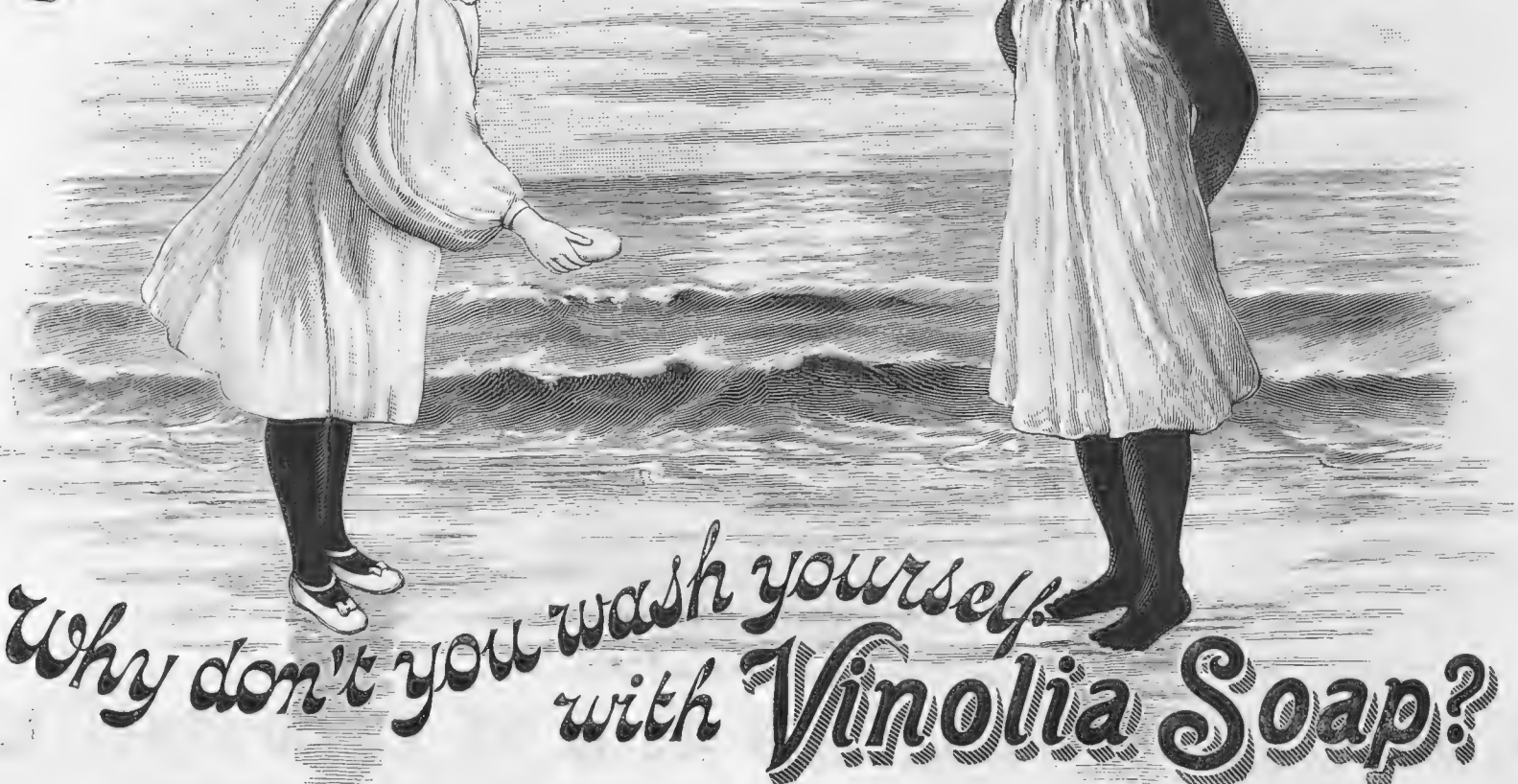
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## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Mr. Joseph Brooks, presumably a theatrical manager in America, who has written, in the *Cosmopolitan*, an article called "How Successful Plays are Built," ought to be a proud man. He is taken quite seriously by a critic—

Who sometimes writes like Genesis,  
And sometimes in the *Daily News*,

in which journal he tells us that Mr. Brooks has explained the melancholy divorce of literature from the stage. The *Cosmopolitan* article, indeed, represents that form which is known in Sir Francis Jeune's Court as "making the decree absolute." According to Mr. Brooks, a successful play is not written—it is "built"; and the nominal author has about as much claim to the credit of the structure as any brick-layer who mounts a ladder with a hod of mortar has to the renown of a particular piece of architecture. When the author is graciously accorded a hearing by the manager, he does not bring a complete play made out of his own head. That obsolete method is monopolised by the amateur, who leaves at the stage-door parcels of manuscripts which, in the course of their wanderings, increase, not his own revenues, but those of the Post Office. The practical author has an idea or two which he imparts to the manager, who, if he scents a likely story, calls his actors, and puts it to them. The actors are born builders, who always have their bricks about them; and, in a twinkling, they get as far as the first floor, probably with a balcony, and the leading lady in a languishing attitude. The author has little to do except look on. There is a picture of him in the *Cosmopolitan*, listening deferentially to an actor, an august person with a double eye-glass, who appears to be giving instructions about a beautiful brass door-knob which he is to grasp with tragic intensity in the fourth act.

As for the dialogue, Mr. Brooks justly remarks that you do not want the phrases of Gibbon or Macaulay or Tennyson; you want the "bright and amusing things" which naturally occur to the actor when he gives his mind to the situation. With this help, the playwright learns "what to put in and what to take out." Moreover, he is much encouraged by the scene-painters, who are preparing moonlight views for the actors to gaze at; and, as there is nothing like a moonlight view for inspiring the soul, it happens that, whenever the dramatist meets the players, in a tramcar or at a restaurant, they are bursting "with new and improved lines," which he "puts in" joyfully. The manager, too, has his soulful moments, chiefly at the dress-rehearsal, when he hints to the actors how to "exaggerate and intensify every stroke of the business." This is the point where the commanding genius of Mr. Brooks must be most conspicuous. "If a thing is good, exaggeration does it no harm," says this oracle; and the maxim is as luminous as the portrait of the manager with his thumbs in his waistcoat and his hat on one side. You see at once that he is the very man to exaggerate and intensify the actor's "good things"—the "business" which gets a laugh, and, if it be repeated and prolonged, may get another—while the author, who is not allowed to wear his hat on one side, or even to wear it at all, watches this exquisite art with humble acquiescence.

But the perturbed spirit of Genesis and the *Daily News* was a little hasty in supposing that this is the only way to produce successful plays. Mr. Brooks, whose logic is not equal to his other gifts, reminds us that Shakspeare and Sheridan worked in the theatre, a circumstance which does not prove that "King Lear" and "The School for Scandal" were "built" by the actors. Mr. Pinero has published a number of plays, but I do not suppose that any copies, annotated by distinguished players with "This was my good thing," or "My exaggeration made the hit in this scene," will fall into the hands of book-hunters in the next generation. I have never heard that, during the rehearsals of the Savoy operas, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, without his hat, stood meekly in a draught, while Mr. D'Oyly Carte and Mr. Rutland Barrington invented the fun. The late Mr. Pettitt understood the carpentering of melodrama as well as any man, and he did not habitually model his dialogue on Gibbon or Tennyson; but it was not his practice, I believe, to stand among the actors, "and smile and look politely round to catch a casual suggestion." There is a legend of an Adelphi drama, of which the first act was rehearsed before the rest was written; yet it is not related at Gatti's how the author used to drop in there of an afternoon and invite the hero and the villain to acquaint him with their subsequent proceedings.

Mr. Archer suggests, in the *New Review*, as one reason for his disinclination to criticise acting, that there is a decline of the impersonative faculty among players. The native personality of some artists

is disagreeable to him, and he complains that they have not the gift of beguiling the things they are by seeming otherwise. But many great players have had this impersonative faculty in a comparatively slight degree. Edmund Kean had a supreme power of expressing strong emotion, but I imagine there was little distinction in this respect between his Shylock and his Sir Giles Overreach. When the volume is the same, one great torrent, call it by what name you will, is very like another. The tragic force of Kean has never been approached, but his purely impersonative faculty was probably less than that of the great actor who ranges between Becket and Gregory Brewster. It is among the actresses, however, that this particular quality is rarest. Sarah Bernhardt's Gismondas and Toscas and Izeyls and Magdas are not essentially different. In varying scenes and costumes they express her personality with prodigious effect. You are taken captive by something magnificently and seductively feline; it purrs with languishing grace; the claws come out of the velvet paws, and it tears the scene into minute particles. In one aspect or another, the tigress is always there; nothing varies except the stripes.

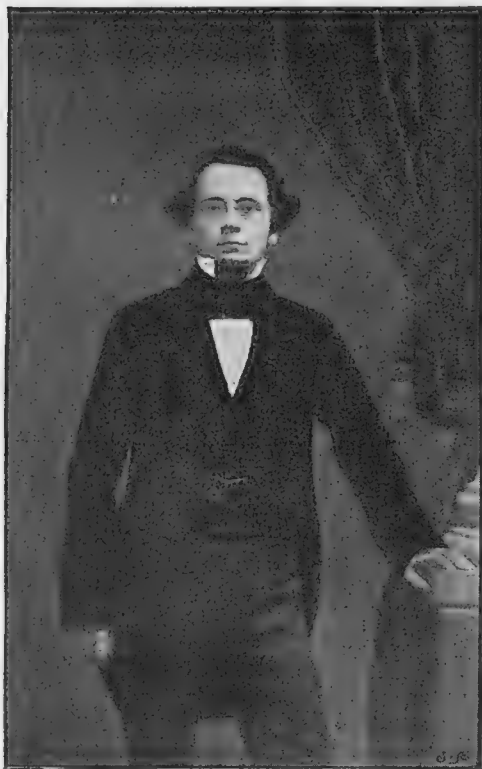
In Eleonora Duse there is a different potentiality, also circumscribed by its conditions. Here is no tigress; there is not a touch of that delightful but alarming animal even in "Fédora," which ought to be its native jungle. Duse's Magda is simply Marguerite transported from "La Dame aux Camélias" into another *milieu*. This Magda-Marguerite is not the *diva* whose vagabondage is in her very blood. This Marguerite-Magda is not the courtesan, but a lily fading in the atmosphere of corruption. If Marguerite had a child, and an attempt were made to take it from her, I feel that she would do battle for it with all the superb vehemence of Magda's nature. It is in no case the skill of impersonation that appeals to me in this wonderful artist. It is not her beauty, for she is plain of feature; the face seems marked by suffering, and there is no effort to disguise the winter in her hair. But her whole personality breathes an intensity of womanhood in its finest and subtlest charm; she has that free, large movement which is untrammelled by any artifice; her gestures with the exquisite hands that seem like phantoms of her thoughts, her speech with the intonations that go straight to the heart, make such an illusion that the mechanism of the stage and its craft fades absolutely away. But this is Magda subdued to the genius of Duse, just as the other Magda is subdued to the genius of Sarah Bernhardt; and whether you prefer the one or the other, the character is absorbed in the personality of each, and the impersonative faculty, which demands the contrary process, becomes a negative quantity.

Playgoers in this country have never seen Clara Morris, one of the most tremendous personalities the drama has produced. About eight years ago, at a theatre in New York, I saw a play founded on one of Adolphe Belot's novels, in which there was a siren. There came upon the stage an old woman, almost ugly, with a large mouth, and an accent unfamiliar to the English ear. Anybody less like a siren I never beheld; but, in a few minutes, that woman was transformed. I forgot the accent, I forgot the large mouth, I was oblivious of the very raw actor who was the object of the siren's love and scorn, especially scorn—it is astonishing what floods of scorn roll over the head of miserable man in plays which are dominated by an actress's personality!—and I listened breathlessly to the outpouring of passion which had no more rant than Niagara. A very old actor told me that Clara Morris recalled to him the irresistible utterance of Kean; but it is idle to talk about impersonation. When I think of this actress, I feel again great waves of misery and rage surging over me; but the particular characters represented are left only in the mistiest outline.

Personality is curiously self-assertive in another sphere of art. If you saw Phil May for the first time, and were told that he was a celebrated draughtsman, would you not at once make pictures in your mind's eye of his quaint humour and observation? And when you saw the actual drawings, would you not say they were an emanation of him, and that he was the concrete of them? I went into the Fine Art Gallery last week with a letter in my hand, modestly signed "Z." It ran thus, "Could you enlighten me why Mr. Phil May, in drawing No. 56 of his interesting exhibition, has represented *both* men with the stump on the left leg?" I am always willing to enlighten anybody, and so I examined No. 56 with great care. Two citizens, each with a wooden left leg, have won money on the Derby, and one suggests that they should "buy a pair of boots." Very good; but the problem remains—why the left leg? Perhaps Mr. Quilter would say that such a sinister coincidence denotes the corrupt influence of French art. That will not satisfy "Z"; and as my character for discernment is at stake, I think it likely that another artist would have shuffled the stumps differently. Here you have the eternal bias of personality again!

## A CHAT WITH MR. SAMUEL FRENCH.

Of the thousands who daily pass and repass Mr. Samuel French's house of business in the Strand, but few, probably, have any idea of the interior character of that quaint Elizabethan building, or of the intricate and elaborately organised theatrical business which is there carried on.



MR. FRENCH (æt. THIRTY).

Thinking that some account of the headquarters of dramatic literature, past, present, and to come, would be of interest to a large section of the public (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), I recently obtained the courteous permission of Mr. Samuel French to call upon him for the purposes of "copy." My host received me in his private study, a large room on the first floor, commanding a good view of the bustling Strand and the slight ascent of Southampton Street, and decorated with many portraits and pictures of theatrical interest.

"I should like to begin our conversation by showing you over the entire premises," said Mr. French, and, crossing the room, he swung open a wide, sliding door of iron, let into the wall, of which

it looked a veritable part. A great recess, or cupboard, stood revealed. "This," said Mr. French, "is our 'safe.' Stored here you see the manuscripts of some two thousand plays and operas which are not printed or published, and of which the rights are protected only by the equity law of stage rights." Mr. French then escorted me over the rest of the first floor. I stopped on the way to admire the winding staircase.

"Yes," said Mr. French, "the old house takes us back to the spacious days of Great Elizabeth. The fabric has hardly been altered at all. 'See here,' and he indicated a brass plate on the first landing, whereon I read: 'This building was erected in order that the Aldermen of the City of London might witness from its windows Queen Elizabeth drive by, on her way to be crowned.'"

We then ascended and explored the three floors above, glancing, in turn, through a work-room devoted chiefly to the stitching of wrappers, a sanctum occupied by such mysteries as wigs, make-up materials, grease-paints, tableau-lights, &c.; and a recess with Mr. French's well-known fit-up proscenium and set of stock scenery for the use of amateurs, in full working order.

"I am quite proud of this miniature scenic arrangement," said Mr. French. "It has an enormous popularity with amateurs all over the country." And he proceeded to show me the various possible changes of scene, which include a drawing-room set, a cottage, a wood, a garden, and all else that the heart of the amateur can desire.

"In this and my various other descriptive catalogues," said Mr. French, handing me an illustrated pamphlet, "lies half the secret of the far-reaching connection which I have established for my business."

I looked at the pamphlet, and found that it contained the most elaborately complete instructions for the arrangement of this model stage and its fittings. Mr. French's catalogues must, indeed, be a boon to the professional and the amateur alike, for they are a marvel of minute information, including summaries of plots, directions for dresses, and scales of fees for performance. The Robertson plays, I find, have a catalogue "on their own," giving a detailed analysis of their plots, scenery, length in playing, and original casts—altogether, a most interesting souvenir. The copyright of the set was bought for £5000. That this sum was invested to good advantage one may safely conclude. Another bend of the staircase brought us to the top floor.

"Here," said my host, "lie the residue of the theatrical publications of Duncan and Cumberland, and of Lacy's 'Acting Editions,' of which I took over the stock. There repose the manuscripts of most of Boucicault's plays, and in the next room we keep unbound stock, and MSS. of plays not printed, but let out on hire."

Having thus briefly explored the upper regions of this home of dramatic literature, we descended to the cellars beneath the ground floor.

"Here," said Mr. French, "is my real storehouse—my bank. Tons of stereotyped plates rest here. From this reservoir we replenish our stock. Here are plays of the Elizabethan age cheek by jowl with modern farcical comedies—alphabetical arrangement makes strange bedfellows!"

We remounted to Mr. French's sitting-room, where I was able to draw my host into a more personal vein of reminiscence.

"When did you settle in England, Mr. French?" I asked.

"Well, I first came over from America in 1859, but only on a visit. It was not till 1872 that I bought Mr. Lacy's business and settled in London. I had begun a similar enterprise in New York in 1854, when I acquired 'The Standard and Minor Drama,' to which series I added continually. English authors and managers at first fought shy of me; but gradually I got them to join me in working their plays in the States, and the business is now an enormous one. My son manages the American branch of it, as my lieutenant."

"I suppose you have paid some heavy prices for the rights of many of your plays?"

"Well, yes," Mr. French replied; we have paid as much as £15,000 for a single play. 'The Silver King' and 'The Lights o' London' have proved big properties, but the greatest success of modern times is 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' which has brought in £20,000 net profit to its author and owners, apart from our commission. 'East Lynne' has made more money than any other play, but it has always been a free piece, as the rights of it were not originally secured."

"I suppose your enterprise has done much to protect authors' rights?"

"I think I may make that claim," answered Mr. French. "Before the Copyright Act was passed, the Courts of the States gave verdicts in favour of property rights at Common Law, but there were no recognised Statute rights. We now either own or collect the fees for some thousand plays."

"I suppose there is a good deal of dishonesty practised in the attempt to evade the legal fees for the right to produce plays?"

"Yes, any amount. One favourite dodge is to alter the name of the play and those of its characters. This weakness especially prevails among amateurs. You would hardly believe how often people of repute have tried to swindle us—generally over 'charity' performances, too! People are willing to pay for scenery, wigs, &c., but they have a strange desire to avoid paying the author. However, the system of espionage maintained by our local agents, and assisted by the provincial and theatrical Press, has done much to diminish this evil. We now get three pounds for every one that the unprotected author used to receive for his work."

"And what is your opinion of the state of the drama in England at the present time?" I asked.

"Well," replied Mr. French, "there has, beyond all question, been a great revival of interest in things theatrical during the last few years. Our heroines have lately suffered from a copious superfluity of naughtiness, but, doubtless, a reaction will come in favour of less morbid fare. I have



MR. FRENCH AT THE PRESENT TIME.

Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

watched the theatrical market pretty closely for some years now, and I think it undulates much after the fashion of the switchback railway."

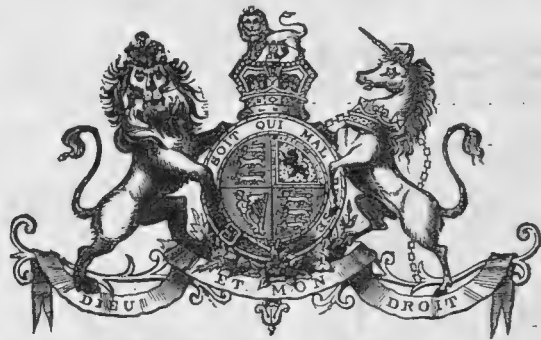
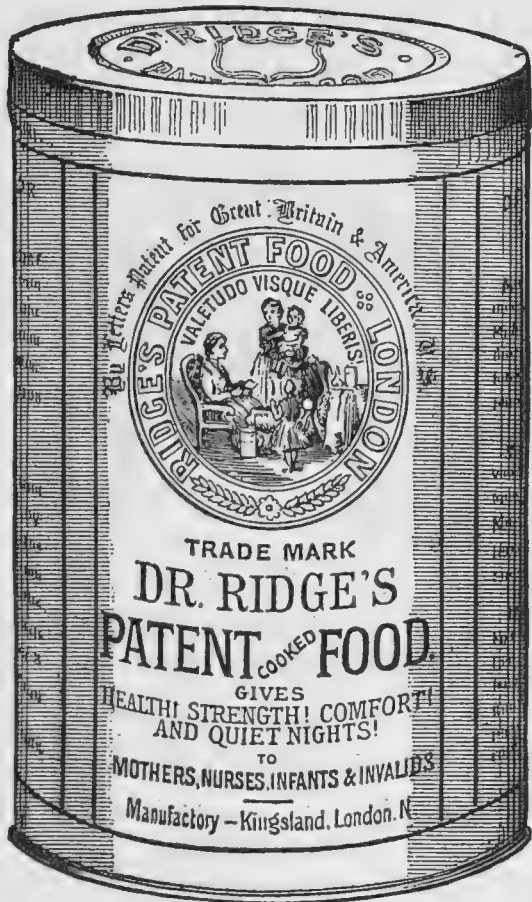
"You must have many interesting reminiscences of favourite actors," I remarked.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. French, "when I get on to that subject I could fill volumes. My work has brought me into friendly intercourse with all the leading actors of my time; but you must come to see me again if I am to broach so inexhaustible a subject."

"Agreed!" I cried, and took my leave, with a firm resolve to exact from Mr. French the fulfilment of this offer on some future occasion.



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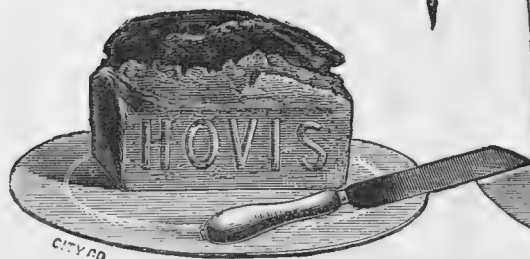
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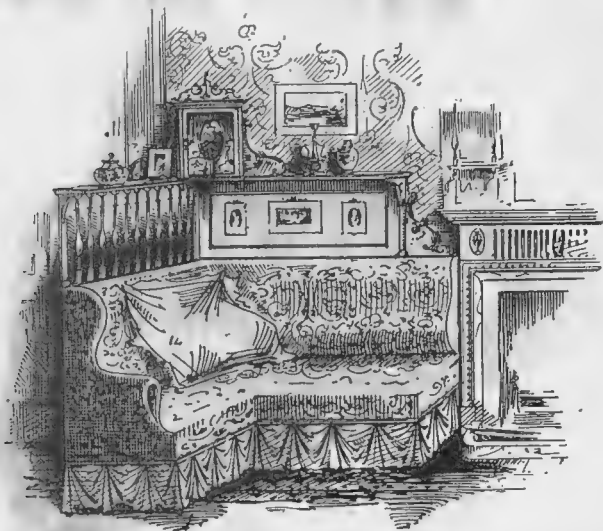
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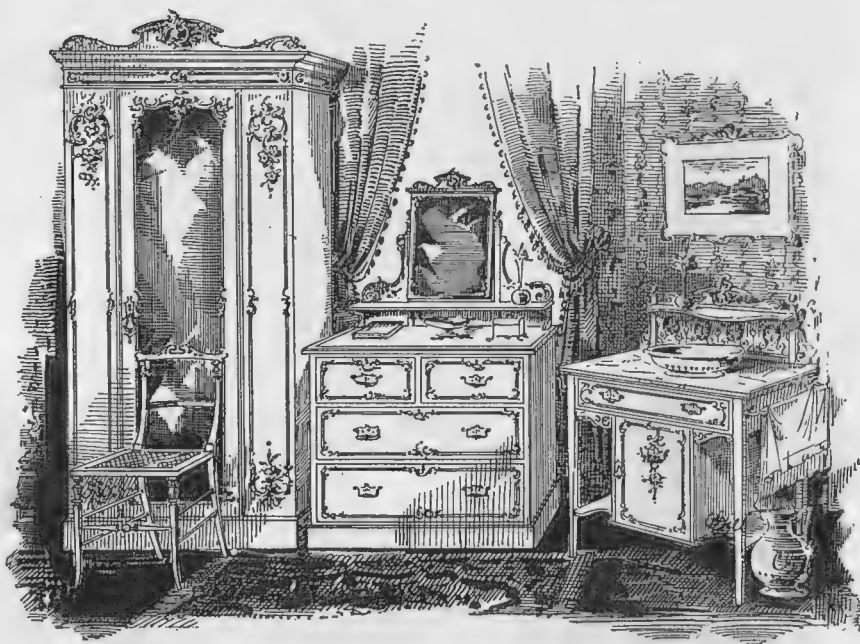


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## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Visitors to Ascot cannot have missed the two sailors who sing, "Good luck, gents, to passers-by." These men follow the meetings regularly, and I am told they make a good thing out of their organ and songs. It is really remarkable how many people give to them, both going to and coming from the course. Backers are superstitious, and they believe that a sixpence chucked to the sailors will bring them winners. I have often wondered why the salts have never taken to selling tips, but I rather fancy their present game is a better-paying one.

Many good judges are backing Whittier for the St. Leger, but I am told the colt cannot stay the distance. If this is really the case, the Doncaster race is at the mercy of Sir Visto, and I believe no less a personage than Lord Russell of Killowen thinks the Premier's colt will win easily. There is no mistake about it, Matthew Dawson knows exactly what is wanted for the classic races, and those who missed Dutch Oven must not overlook the claims of Sir Visto—that is, if all goes well with him up to the day of the race.

If the history of racing at Beverley were written, it would form interesting reading. On June 9, 10, and 20, 1747, meetings were held, on the first of which days the programme consisted of one race "free for four- and five-year-olds only." The scale of weight for age was, at that time, curious, as the four-year-olds carried 8 st. 12b. and the five-year-olds 10 st. On the second day there was a race, value £50, for horses belonging to people residing within twelve miles of Beverley, and on the 20th the race was for horses that had not won £50. Twenty years after that, an endeavour was made to put racing on a permanent footing, and on May 20 in that year a subscription was started to provide a "proper and commodious stand for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen on Beverley Racecourse." In June a meeting was held at the Tiger Inn, at which there were present three parsons, and a chairman and committee were elected. The stand cost over a thousand pounds, the cost being defrayed by the issue of 330 "silver admission tickets." The Corporation entered heartily into the scheme, for they let the Hurn Moor, on which the races took place, to the committee at an "acknowledgment of sixpence." In spite, however, of the stand and committee, no meetings appear to have been held between 1798 and 1805; but, when they did take place, they usually extended to three days, and were held a week after the Cork Spring Meeting.

The penny sheets, giving all the selections of the racing and weekly papers, that are sold in the streets on each race-day, do a roaring trade. I am told that one of them has a daily circulation verging on forty thousand. This must, I should say, affect the sale of the daily sporting papers, to say nothing of those "Specials" sold at a shilling. It seems there is no copyright in tips, and, once printed, they may be copied into any paper. The Institute of Journalists might take this question up for the benefit of some of us poor prophets.

W. G. Grace, the hero of the cricket world, is a good all-round sportsman. He used to follow the Berkeley Hounds regularly, and, until he became too heavy for the saddle, he rode as straight as a crow flies. "W. G." is a good card-player, can fish well, is a capital billiard-player, and is not averse to watching a little horse-racing. "W. G." used to play football very well; and he was a capital runner, as I know to my cost, as he beat me at the Frome Sports twenty-eight years ago. I remember playing in a cricket-match against "W. G." twenty-five years ago, when we had seven noblemen on our side, including the present Chairman of the London School Board.

I wonder the enterprising officials of racecourses do not provide barbers in the dressing-rooms, also bath-rooms. I am sure many a tired and weary racegoer would like a cold dip between the races, and shampooing on the course would, in time, become a regular institution. I commend the idea to Mr. Hwfa Williams, who is a real live manager. Arrangements could be made for the establishment of a Racecourse Toilet Club, to be in vogue at all the principal meetings. This idea would, I am sure, pay well if carried out on liberal lines.

The advertising tipster nuisance is one that the authorities should try and put a stop to. Several correspondents whose names and addresses appear in the share-lists of certain public companies, but who never have anything to do with racing, complain of receiving circulars innumerable as to certainties and systems at racing. They should return the missives to the senders without paying the postage, and this might put a stop to the nuisance.

Colonel North is a good patron of racing, but he must have lost a lot of money over the pastime, as he never seems to quite know when his horses are going to win and when they will lose. It costs the Colonel and his trainer something to follow the meetings. I believe he pays sixty-six pounds per annum for the rent of his box on the Grand Stand at Epsom alone, and this charge will not allow him to provide his own luncheon. For this meal he is charged at the rate of ten shillings per head for self and friends, and I have no doubt his bill for champagne amounts to a pretty penny in addition.

## A CHEMICAL TRAGEDY.

Our Willie passed away to-day,  
His face we'll see no more:

What Willie took for H<sub>2</sub>O,  
Proved H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>. Life.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

When we are doing our best to kill a distinguished visitor—Nasrulla Khan or Alphonse Daudet—with what we probably conceive to be kindness, we are anxious to hear what the distinguished stranger thinks of us. And, if we could secure a person sufficiently unprejudiced, and yet intelligent, and intercept his confidential report to someone whom he had no desire to deceive, we might derive no small profit from the candid, if perhaps unflattering, comment. But such observers are rare, and their confidential reports do not find their way into print.

M. Daudet, for instance, has had few chances of seeing the real inwardness of our life, and has, in some respects, brought what he thought he saw across the Channel with him and taken it back again. The flat-footed, long-toothed, corkscrew-curved "Mees Anglaise" of early vaudeville was photographed, permanently, on his retina; he saw her, whereas we do not. His less gifted, but also less prejudiced, countryman, "Max O'Rell," has wisely refused to accept a similar tradition concerning the feet of the nymphs of Porkopolis, called by men Chicago. And though the average foot of the English girl may be—and no doubt is—larger in proportion than that of her coeval of the French better classes, yet a few generations of lawn-tennis and the *bicyclette* will redress the balance, and give the feet of French femininity the proportions of a Greek statue rather than the Andalusian smallness due to centuries of hereditary indolence.

A race with very small hands and feet is a race that has for generations done very little work and taken very little exercise. South American ladies of Spanish blood can give points—as regards tiny extremities—to their Andalusian ancestresses, merely because an altogether tropical climate compels the indolence that a semi-tropical climate favours. When the average Frenchman—and M. Daudet is, in many respects, a singularly average Frenchman—eulogises the small foot, he is simply glorifying idleness. Not otherwise is the Chinaman proud of the cramped feet of *his* womankind, as at once a certificate of aristocratic idleness and a safeguard against dangerous excursions.

Certain similar judgments as these might be expected from a Frenchman; and, even if unexpressed, might have been divined with some ease. What we want is an observer who has got rid of his own prejudices without acquiring ours in their stead. We do not want an Anglomaniac who admires us even more than we admire ourselves. It may be part of the natural arrogance that we are supposed to possess; but, undoubtedly, any emphasis of praise from a foreigner inspires the Englishman with distrust, with a lurking suspicion that something must be wrong and greatly in need of mending, if the foreigner praises him. Even the baser sort, that greedily swallow the poisonous honey of praise, soon cease to relish it.

Were it not for this natural and healthy revulsion, praise would be the cheapest and most effective weapon of international warfare. The unreasoning French patriot growls because his ironclads will go to Kiel and his authorities congratulate the German Kaiser on the completion of the great Canal. Rather would he have cause to complain if his Government refused to put in an appearance and spoke ill of the Canal. The ordinary courtesies of life, like the salute before the duel, do not preclude, but rather assist, a deadly and enduring hatred. If you want to pink your man neatly, it is best to persuade him beforehand that he is a match for the best swordsman in the world, taking private note of his real weaknesses at the same time.

Even now, the glorifications of the English Navy that some Frenchmen (wishing to increase their own Navy) continually utter, are the most effectual of impediments to the formation of a sufficiently strong fleet. "Look here," our own Little-Englander will say, "here is this Frenchman, an admitted authority, owning that his own beloved country's fleet would not have the ghost of a chance against our ironclads; and yet you venture to say that we want more ships, and that some of those we have are top-heavy. Surely, if these things were so, our enemies would not fail to know and proclaim the fact."

But that is precisely what enemies do not do. Unintelligent foes exaggerate our power and malice from mere envy, and even fear; intelligent foes, from a wish to keep us in a fool's paradise till the proper time. Shall we cease to keep our powder dry merely because some foreigner asserts that we can face his cannon with the mere bayonet? Only it is not powder now, but cordite, and we do not seem able to keep it any way without explosions.

MARMITON.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

A few weeks ago, in discussing the merits of the rival University elevens, we heard nothing but Oxford, Oxford. The Dark Blues were extolled to the skies, while the Light Blues were spoken of in the most condescending whisper. Those who planked down private bets on the annual inter-Varsity match at Lord's were offering as much as 2 to 1 on Oxford.

The events of the past few weeks have changed all that. Cambridge University beat a powerful team of the M.C.C. with an innings to spare, and they meted out the same punishment to the eleven which represents Dublin University. In these matches N. F. Druce, a brother of the Cambridge captain, distinguished himself as no other student has done at either Varsity in the history of the game. In the first match he scored 199 not out against some of the best bowling in England. What a pity he did not secure the other run! A run! a run! a kingdom for a run! In the old days, I am told, there were no scores of 99 or 199; when the batsman got that length, a kindly umpire would give him the benefit of a leg-bye, or, if he failed to do his manifest "duty," the scorer saw that the figures were made right.

By his 199 (not out) N. F. Druce actually headed the batting averages, getting on top, even, of old "W. G.," although, of course, the Cambridge youngster had not played nearly so many innings as the Master. A few days later Druce scored over a hundred against Dublin University, and so kept up his average, which then reached the three figures.

Although the Cambridge eleven to meet Oxford at Lord's in the first week of July is not yet finally fixed, I believe that the following eleven will be found doing duty for the Light Blues—

\*W. G. Druce (Marlborough and Trinity); \*N. F. Druce (Marlborough and Trinity); \*F. Mitchell (St. Peter's, York, and Caius), Yorkshire†; \*H. Gray (Perse School and Jesus), Cambridgeshire†; R. A. Studd (Eton and Trinity), Middlesex; W. G. Grace (Clifton and Pembroke), Gloucestershire†; A. G. Richardson (Canterbury and Corpus), Somersetshire†; W. W. Lowe (Malvern and Pembroke); W. M. Hemingway (Uppingham and King's); H. K. Marriott (Malvern and Trinity Hall); C. E. M. Wilson (Uppingham and Trinity).

\* Old Blues.

† Have already played for County.

Meanwhile, Oxford, after making a sensational start, lost matches to Kent and the M.C.C., although it must be admitted that the Dark Blues were not fully represented in either match. I have pleasure also in giving the probable Oxford eleven for the inter-Varsity match—

\*G. J. Mordaunt (Wellington and University), Kent†; \*C. B. Fry (Repton and Wadham), Sussex†; \*H. D. G. Leveson-Gower (Winchester and Magdalen), Middlesex; \*H. K. Foster (Malvern and Trinity), Worcestershire†; \*G. R. Bardwell (Uppingham and Oriel), Lancashire†; \*R. P. Lewis (Winchester and University), Surrey†; \*D. H. Forbes (Eton and Christchurch), Scotland; P. F. Warner (Rugby and Oriel), Middlesex†; F. E. Cunliffe (Eton and New), Lancashire; H. A. Arkwright (Eton and Magdalen), Essex†; R. H. Baiss (Tonbridge and Brazenose), Middlesex.

\* Old Blues.

† Have already played for County.

Whoever heard of a hundred runs being obtained in fifty-five minutes in first-class cricket? It was done the other day. Samuel Moses James Woods, the plucky Somerset captain, knocked up 215 runs for his county, against Sussex, at Brighton, in two hours and a half. The last hundred runs were obtained in fifty-five minutes, or at a rate of nearly two a minute. No one has ever scored a double century in so short a time, although I believe that E. C. Streatfeild's 130, for the Past and Present of Cambridge University against the Australians, at Leyton, some four years ago, was knocked up in a comparatively shorter time. Mr. Woods was in great form last week, and, in three consecutive innings, scored 109 against Middlesex, 215 against Sussex, and 85 against Surrey. The Somerset captain is not an ideal batsman; but if he has any deficiency in the way of defence, he more than atones for it by his aggressive style of batting. As an all-round cricketer, it is doubtful if we have his superior in England.

In a season of sensational scoring, it is all the more remarkable that we have had the most startling bowling feats. Martin, of Kent, was the first to lead the way, by capturing four Derbyshire wickets with four successive balls. After him came Pickett, of Essex, who secured all the ten Leicester wickets in one innings at the low cost of 32 runs. Following upon that, Mold, of Lancashire, captured every wicket excepting one that fell to the bowlers in the match against Kent at Manchester. In the second innings, Mold was only debarred from gaining all ten wickets by the fact that one of the Kent men was absent, hurt.

R. A. Studd, now at Cambridge University, is the sixth of the brothers who, since 1882, have earned distinction as cricketers at Cambridge. "G. B." was in the University team from 1879 to 1882, "C. T." played for the eleven from 1880 to 1883, and "J. E. K." played in the team from 1881 to 1884. "A. H." just failed to get his Blue in 1885, while "H. W." was another of the Studds who did not quite succeed in getting into the eleven.

The following is the list of important matches for next week—

- June 20—At Leicester, Leicester v. Surrey.  
At Tonbridge, Kent v. Lancashire.  
At Leeds, Yorkshire v. Derbyshire.  
At Brighton, Sussex v. Cambridge University.  
At Lord's, I Zingari v. Gentlemen of England.  
21—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Surrey.  
At Brighton, Sussex v. Oxford University.  
At Sheffield, Yorkshire v. Notts.  
At Derby, Derbyshire v. Leicestershire.  
At Leyton, Essex v. Warwickshire.

## GOLF.

It is an Englishman, J. H. Taylor, of Winchester, who has again carried off the open championship, for he has repeated (at St. Andrews) the victory which he gained at Sandwich last year. Result: J. H. Taylor (holder) (86, 78, 80, and 78), 322 strokes for the 72 holes, 1; Alexander Herd, of Huddersfield (82, 77, 82, and 85), 326, 2; A. Kirkealdy, St. Andrews (81, 83, 84, and 84), 332, 3; G. Pulford, Hoylake, 335, 4; Archie Simpson, Aberdeen, 336, 5; and Willie Fernie, Troon, 337, 6. Taylor's steady play carried him into second place at the close of the third round, and, giving a grand exposition of the game in the final, he eventually secured the championship honours by three strokes from Herd. At Sandwich, last year, Taylor's total score was 326.

## CYCLING.

Cycling, which had its origin among the democracy, is rapidly working its way upwards. The number of titled ladies and gentlemen who now cultivate the wheel are almost legion, and, as an evidence of the spread of cycling in Society, it may be mentioned that a club has been successfully inaugurated at Chelsea for learning and practice among those who can afford to pay a stiff figure for the privilege. The Trafalgar Club was, until lately, a private enclosure attached to the residence of Lord and Lady Gilbert Kennedy. The club has been founded by Sir William Call, who has associated with him the Earl of Minto, Lord Marcus Beresford, and others of the nobility. Among the lady members may be mentioned Viscountess Coke, Lady Colebrooke, Lady de Grey, Lady Lurgan, and many others.

In Battersea Park one can see hundreds of ladies wheeling their cycles every morning. Instructors are also present, and a lesson can be had at a very moderate fee. There is no doubt that the old sneer of "cads on casters" has died a natural death. Ladies have found that they look as charming on a bicycle as on horseback, while there are thousands who can afford to keep an iron horse who would find it impossible to keep a stable and groom. I hear that Lady Jeune does nearly all her shopping on a bicycle, while the widow of the late Lord Randolph Churchill is to be seen awheel in Paris almost every day. It is said that the Countess of Warwick, in conversation with one of her most intimate lady friends, remarked, in a tone of banter, that, if she adopted the bicycle as an athletic exercise, she would get no more proposals of marriage. The young lady smiled at the suggestion, and, out of mere bravado, she purchased a machine within a month, and is now an expert rider. With so charming a companion, the lady declares that she will be content to remain single for the rest of her life; so that wheeling may now be considered as playing a rather important part even in the domestic economy of our time.

OLYMPIAN.

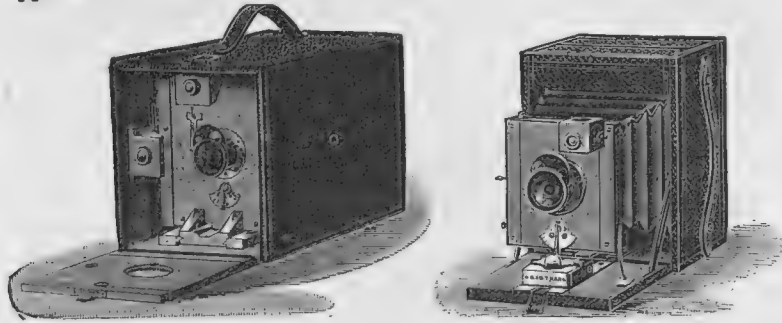


The Bulwago Spring Handicap Challenge Cup, presented by Mr. J. Rhodes, is of Early-English or goblet form, decorated with the leaves of the acanthus and various water plants. Around the upper part of the body a bas-relief, beautifully executed *en repoussé*, represents a horse-racing scene, while the handles are formed by extremely well-modelled heads of African elephants, the trunks bending down to the body of the cup, giving excellent handles. The cover is surmounted by a horse and jockey in full racing panoply. The cup was manufactured by Elkington and Co., of Birmingham.

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## SLUGGISH LIVER.

(IMPORTANT FACTS.)

The Liver is the largest organ in the body, and its functions are commensurate with its size, being of prime importance in the economy. Not only does it act as the great filter of the blood, removing from that fluid large quantities of effete matter whose continuance in the vital fluid would have disastrous consequences, but it transforms these into peculiar principles necessary for the proper working of the organism. Thus bile, which is a waste product secreted from the venous blood, neutralises the acid character of the chyme, is largely concerned in the emulsification of fatty substances taken in the way of food, causes separation of the contents of the intestinal tube, and acts as the natural aperient of the body.

Again, the Liver transforms saccharine matters into Glycogen, and elaborates albuminoids, thus enabling the nutrient materials contained in the blood to be utilised in the tissues. So long as this all-important organ satisfactorily performs its functions, we are scarcely aware of its presence, but let these be suspended or suppressed, and soon the serious symptoms of an inactive Liver manifest themselves.

The symptoms of a torpid Liver are frequent bilious attacks, constipation alternating with diarrhoea, highly coloured urine, sick headache, pain between the shoulders,

and under the right shoulder-blade, giddiness, thirst, dryness of the throat, furred tongue, sallowness of the skin, blotches on the neck and face, great susceptibility to cold, muscular weakness, fatigue on the least exertion, offensive breath and a yellow discoloration of the whites of the eyes. In some cases the Liver becomes enlarged, and may be felt in the right side below the free margin of the ribs.

### WHAT TO AVOID.

No organ is so trifled with as the Liver. In order to obtain relief, sufferers from Torpidity of the Liver have resort to drugs, which only goad the organ into momentary activity, and leave it more congested than ever. Of these, Calomel, Blue Pill, Podophyllin, and Taraxacum are the chief.

### CORRECT TREATMENT.

In Guy's Tonic we have a remedy for all affections of the Liver it would be impossible to surpass. There is no other medicine to be compared to it. Guy's Tonic is speedy, certain, and, above all, pre-eminently safe. Whilst assisting by its own action in reducing congestion, Guy's Tonic confers upon the Liver power to do its own work in its own way, thus "holding the mirror up to nature," as it were.

Guy's Tonic may be had of Chemists and Stores throughout the world. It is widely recommended by medical men. Address, Guy's Tonic Co., 12, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.

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Bile, Headache,  
Loss of Appetite,  
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Gives a high lustre with little labour.  
Does not stain the leather.  
Never changes consistency in any Climate.  
Try it and you will find it the best.  
**BLACK & WHITE PASTE**  
For renovating Patent Leather and Glacé Kid  
Put up in screw-capped Bottles or Tins, 6d. each.  
Samples Free on receipt of penny stamp.  
**NUBIAN MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.**  
GREAT SAFFRON HILL, LONDON, E.C.  
Pro. ictors of the celebrated Nubian Waterproof Blacking.

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**Scalp and Hair use**  
**Cuticura Soap**



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## WHITENS THE TEETH,

prevents and arrests decay, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Health depends in a great measure upon the soundness of the teeth and their freedom from decay, and all dentists will allow that neither washes nor pastes can possibly be as efficacious for polishing the teeth and keeping them sound and white as a pure and non-gritty tooth-powder; such Rowlands' Odonto has always proved itself to be. Sold everywhere, 2s. 9d. Avoid spurious imitations.

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Delightfully and delicately fragrant.  
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## JUNE 19, 1895



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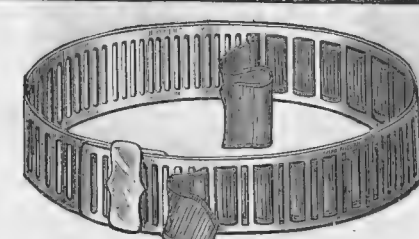
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Prevents its Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache.

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For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and rendering the Hair beautifully soft. For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, it is without a Rival.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any Metallic or other injurious ingredient.

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## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

To redeem her character, probably, from the imputations which I cast upon it last week, and to prove that she has by no means come to an end of her stock of ideas, Dame Fashion has been treating me to a private view of some of her latest and loveliest productions, through the medium of her invaluable aides-de-camp, Messrs. Jay, and though, in consequence of what I saw there, in Regent Street, I bow with renewed reverence before her genius, I must allow that it is accompanied by a certain



amount of inconsequence and eccentricity—but, then, genius usually is, isn't it? I suppose our sovereign lady thinks that too much simplicity would not be good for us, and so she weds together the inexpensiveness of cotton and the costliness of exquisite lace, the foundation of this combination being shimmering, rustling silk, worth many times the value of the outer fabric. But this apparent inconsistency is the keynote of nearly all the summery gowns of grass-cloth, muslin, and the like—gowns which, to the unobservant masculine eye, would suggest a delightful simplicity of taste and an exceedingly small dress allowance, a conclusion which is calculated to lead the unwary into the pitfalls of matrimony on the strength of such apparently modest requirements. Alas! what an awakening there will be when the bill reveals what we women have known all along—that nothing is so costly as this apotheosis of the simple which veils the perfection of art!

For instance, take a gown of the increasingly fashionable grass-cloth, the skirt plain, and the bodice trimmed with endless tucks of exceeding fineness, and with insertions and edgings of yellowish Valenciennes, while at throat and waist there are bands and bows of white glacé ribbon, striped narrowly with black—a most effective and smart combination. On the face of it, this is essentially a simple gown; but beneath that grass-cloth there lurks a voluminous lining of white silk, and many hours have been spent upon these dainty tucks, which all had to be worked by hand; so it is not so simple, after all, you see. As a matter of fact, there is so much of this kind of work in all the fashionable gowns just now that it has to be done by the skilled *lingerie* hands: no others could master the intricate delicacy of the tucks and insertions, which have hitherto been obliged to hide their light under a bushel, or rather, under a dress-skirt, but which have now received their promotion. The little shirts, too, which are provided for the glorification of our skirt-and-coat costumes, are perfectly delightful in their elaborate simplicity: no other words can describe their contradictory character. Some in pale-pink batiste—pocket-handkerchief batiste really—rejoice in a central box-pleat of finest white lawn, run through with a band of pink moiré ribbon, and bordered with a dainty ruffled frill of white chiffon, edged narrowly with yellow Valenciennes, the collar and cuffs being treated in the same way; while a blue batiste has a tucked yoke, into which this mellow-toned Valenciennes is introduced in the form of insertions, the collar and cuffs being of white lawn, lace-edged. Equally dainty is a cream batiste, with a turned-down collar, which leaves the throat delightfully free, in contrast to the bows

and rosettes and bands whose yoke we have borne so long. It is finished with an embroidered edging to match, and over the front some black butterflies disport themselves with exceedingly pretty effect.

As to our blouses, they are unaffectedly gorgeous and costly, and frivolously beautiful; and some of the most beautiful are distinguished by the use of chiffon in contrasting colours, laid one over the other in billowy folds, black, for instance, veiling yellow, while beneath that, again, there is a rosy glimmer of pink, some black satin and Valenciennes lace being utilised to keep this cloudy loveliness together. Black chiffon over white, with a foundation of sea-green, is another lovely combination, and the effect of black over white and pink is enhanced by narrow bands of cream Valenciennes lace being laid on the outside black chiffon in a series of points and squares. "Chiffonette," finely accordion-pleated, is also playing an important part in the making of our blouses just now, and it has much to recommend it, I must allow. First, a delightful softness, and then a tendency to retain its youth and beauty for an infinitely longer time than the more fragile chiffon—so chiffonette is welcome. It has almost the appearance of a very fine soft silk, and it looks lovely in black with a yoke of closely clustered jet sequins, bordered with a deep frill of yellowish lace, and elbow-sleeves with a ruffling of chiffon as a finish; but, on the other hand, you can have it in colours rivalling the rainbow in variety and brilliancy. Indeed, we have long since eclipsed the glories of the rainbow, and it has finally hidden its diminished head before this season's millinery. I don't mind letting you into a secret while we are on the subject of our many-coloured millinery. A certain friend of mine has made a wager that, after writing to at least



a dozen drapers for patterns of chiné and other ribbons, she will utilise every scrap of the material thereby secured in making rosettes and ruffles for the trimming of one long-suffering hat, and she vows that she will be able to appear in it without being in the least noticeable. I shall await the result with interest; but, really, it would be almost sad, if it were not funny, to think that such an outrage on good taste is possible.

However, there are no strivings to emulate the rainbow in the blouse, whose counterfeit presentment I give to you herewith, as an example of everything a perfect blouse-bodice should be. First, then, it is fashioned of turquoise-blue chiffon, with a tiny crinkled stripe in silk, and at throat and waist it is held in by a band of blue moiré ribbon, which does not disdain the accompaniment of the eternal bow, which just now merits the title quite as much as the eternal feminine. As to the sleeves, great, puffed things of beauty, which terminate just below the elbow with a ruffling of chiffon, they are of creamy-yellow glacé silk, patterned with a shower of roses in indistinct tones of yellow, pink, and crimson, with touches of blue, the whole making one harmonious whole, while, to make perfection still more perfect, there is a deep collar of exquisite écreu lace, cut out in a series of points, and almost covered with a glittering embroidery in steel and jet. Think of this, and then imagine another of green chiffon over pink silk, trimmed with insertions of lace, and with sleeves of golden-green silk patterned with mauve roses, and then tell me if the blouse has not reached the zenith of its glory. And then to think



of its lowly birth and its insignificant bringing-up—truly no one can, in the face of its sudden rise to fame and glory, despise small beginnings.

Now I think that you have been sufficiently prepared to receive the glories of some of the Maison Jay gowns, so let me first introduce to you the originals of our two sketches—you will, I am sure, acknowledge them to be charming acquaintances, and a more intimate knowledge of their good qualities will only prove to you that they deserve to be taken into the intimacy of close connections. One has a full, plain skirt of string-coloured batiste, crowned by a bodice of shot-green glacé silk, with a front of *plissé* chiffon, almost covered by three linen ornaments, each one adorned with Valenciennes lace and chiffon. There is a deep collar to match at the back, and the bishop's sleeves are caught into cuffs of linen and lace; while, if you add a big white hat, adorned with four white ostrich-tips and sundry rosettes of chiffon, you have as lovely a picture as you could possibly imagine—until, indeed, you turn to our other gown, which is, you must know, composed of eau-de-Nil crêpe-de-Chine, dotted over with tiny spots, and with a bodice in which white satin, string-coloured lace in appliqué form, and filmy white 'chiffon,' all play an important part, to the accompaniment of a hat of open-work straw, turned up at the left side with a small army of ostrich feathers and a mass of delicately tinted roses. The skirt, too, shares in the trimming in this case, for its full, softly hanging folds are bordered with

a waved band and round medallions of the same beautiful lace which appears on the bodice, so, altogether, I venture to prophesy that this gown will be notable even at Ascot, among a crowd of the loveliest dresses of the season, and it will have the additional advantage of being worn by a lovely woman.

And still I have before me the vision of a skirt of blue English crêpe—quite a new introduction, by the way, and one, too, which bids fair to oust *crêpon* from the field sooner or later—which is the proud possessor of a bodice of shot glacé in wonderful tones of blue and purple, veiled with blue chiffon, which has its soft fulness held in at the waist by a shaped band of the silk, while collar, yoke, and cuffs are of white cambric and écreu lace. Still, again, in this dream of fair dresses comes a gown with a skirt of some soft fine woollen fabric in pale blue striped with white, the accompanying bodice, of écreu grass lawn, having insertions of yellow lace to relieve its simplicity, this worthy object being also assisted by a waistband of white moiré drawn through a golden buckle, and a collar and cuffs of the moiré amicably combined with lawn and lace. In the next case the grass-lawn is utilised for the skirt, while the smart coat-bodice is of mauve cloth, made with short, full basques at the back, and cut short to the waist in front, where there is a deep band of black satin beneath a pouch front of cream net, the collar and revers being of embroidered lawn. There is no doubt about it, these coat-bodices, with their tiny basques, are infinitely becoming to almost any figure, as I realised to the full when I looked upon another one, which was fashioned of golden-brown glacé silk, though the groundwork was almost entirely covered by a design of great single pansies in every shade, it seemed to me, of mauve and purple, yellow and old-rose, and a dozen others that I could not distinguish. This coat was made with a tiny basque all round—a mere suggestion only—and had a great collar, and curiously shaped revers, scooped out in points, a perfect foam of white tulle being arranged in jabot form at the throat, and, at the waist, cleverly draped bands of shot purple glacé ribbon tied in the smartest of careless bows at the left side. Then, who could possibly resist brown holland when it was made beautiful by elaborate embroidery, the open-work portion covered with black net, which showed the glint of the green satin beneath? Another delightful dress—quite a new creation—is of blue *crêpon*, the side-pleats of the bodice held in near the throat by two rows of tiny pearl buttons, while the collar and revers of white lawn taper downwards to the waist, where, appliquéd on to the *crêpon*, is a true-lover's knot of embroidered linen—a charming idea, charmingly carried out, and worthy of special notice and admiration. But then, all Messrs. Jay's ideas have these qualifications. Some of their very newest sleeves, I noticed, are gored in precisely the same fashion as our skirts, the result, too, being just as successful. I know not what the next scheme for the additional beautification of our garments will be, but, just at present, it seems to me that they are quite beautiful enough for ordinary feminine nature's daily wear. Imagine, just for instance, a tea-gown with hand-painted pink roses trailing all over its white satin surface, and cascades of yellowish old lace as trimming; or, again, a genuine Marie Antoinette tea-gown of softest white crêpe-de-Chine, with yards and yards of pleated chiffon flounces, edged with real Valenciennes to trim its softly trailing folds, while round the shoulders is a gracefully draped and softly frilled chiffon fichu, the long ends falling far down the front of the white satin petticoat. Truly, we should look beautiful this season, even if we never did before; and, indeed, we shall do wisely and well if we take advantage of the present charming fashions, for none can tell to what fresh freak of Dame Fashion's fancies we shall have to submit when the autumn and winter come round once more. In the meantime, the summer gowns are calculated to rejoice the heart of any woman and gladden the eyes of any man—until he is called upon to pay the bill.

But still there are certain drawbacks, and the very glory of sunshine which reveals the beauty of our dresses, also reveals, in most merciless fashion, any and every defect in our complexions—the very spots and freckles, and the like, which its own too ardent rays have caused. Of course, I am quite willing to admit that we treat our complexions badly at this season. We boat, we golf, we cycle, we play tennis, and then we are surprised and aggrieved that our skin does not retain its original softness and whiteness. But even those who do indulge in these athletic pastimes find the months of June, July, and August particularly trying to their appearance; so the only thing to be done, if we do not wish to have the effect of our pretty new gowns entirely spoiled by a spot on our nose or some equally unfortunate and conspicuous position, is to take particular care of our skins, which, being translated, means—in my opinion, at any rate—the regular use of that invaluable preparation by name "Rowland's Kalydor." I always laud its praises to everyone; but I generally find that it is not at all necessary to do so, for most women have a bottle shrouded in state on their dressing-table, so that, whenever they come in from a walk or ride, they can soothe and refresh their heated face by dabbing it over with a little of "Rowland's Kalydor," applied with a soft handkerchief. And anyone who perseveres in this simple and pleasant treatment may be pleasantly sure that they will go through the summer with an unblemished skin, and that, too, for the small cost of 2s. 3d. or 4s. 6d. Under such circumstances, who would not make the best of themselves?

FLORENCE.

TOMMY: "Yes, cats can see in the dark, and so can Ethel; 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlour, when she was sitting all alone in the dark, I heard her say to him, 'Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved to-day.'"—*Life*.



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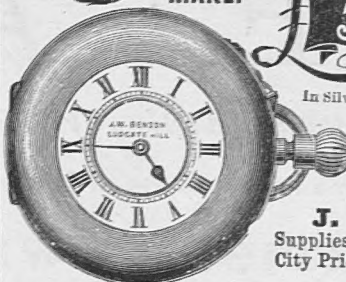
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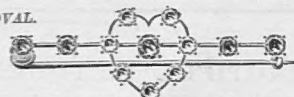
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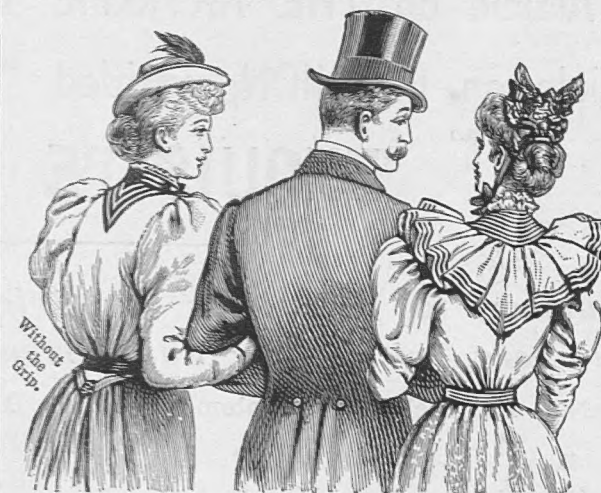
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## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Sir William Harcourt's speech on the motion for taking all the time of the House for Government business created a good deal of contradictory comment last week. But the long and the short of it is that the Government mean to hang on as long as they can. "No closure, no guillotine," says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "unless absolutely necessary; but my Bills shall be passed before we adjourn, unless we are defeated. If the time taken over them is short, then the session will be short; if long, then the session will be long." Well, that ought to be plain enough, at any rate, as far as the intentions of Ministers go. If they are beaten, and if their majority continues to disappear, they must submit to *force majeure*; but their plan, as long as they are in power, is to "sit tight." What does it mean? It means a long session, and then an autumn session, if it is carried out. "Unfortunate M.P.'s!" thinks the outsider: "are they not worn out already?" One would have thought that there would be a general strike against this "detention," as it is called at school. Yet the odd thing is that there has been very little display of pugnacity on the Conservative side so far. It may come in a month's time, but at present it is beyond question that there has been very little anxiety on the part of the Conservative Opposition to force the pace in any way.

## UGANDA.

This is not a proud Government. So says Mr. Chamberlain, and really it is extraordinary how often it can climb down and its members eat their own words. Lord Rosebery will have his own way on questions of Imperial politics, and no tenderness for his old colleagues of the Gladstonian régime prevents him from forcing them to adopt his own Conservative methods. The latest decision, to proclaim another Protectorate over Ibea, and to make the railway to Uganda, is another blow at the "Little Englanders," and they resented it in the Division Lobby to the number of fifty-one stalwart Radicals. Sir William Harcourt was not among them, in spite of Dr. Tanner's earnest appeal to him to vote as he thought. After all, it would hardly do for Sir William to vote against the Government. But the debate showed him in his most irritable mood, and he angrily assured Mr. Chamberlain that he still thought the project of making the railway a silly piece of Jingoism, or "words to that effect." The fact is that, though the necessities of a Party Cabinet compel Sir William Harcourt to give in on matters on which his opinion is diametrically the contrary to Lord Rosebery's, Lord Rosebery is a veritable despot in the conduct of Foreign Affairs. Even on the Armenian business, about which one would expect Lord Kimberley, as Foreign Minister, to take a leading part, Lord Rosebery has insisted upon doing everything himself. I am credibly informed that our own Foreign Minister actually did not know the contents of the Note presented to the Porte, setting forth the demands of the Powers! It is too funny, when one finds Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery managing to get on together, even though not on speaking terms, that Radical journalists should express a well-feigned amazement at the notion of Mr. Chamberlain being a member of a Cabinet including Lord Salisbury. It is perfectly safe to say that, in reconciling the views of the two sections of the Unionist Party, there will be nothing like the difficulty of making Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt work in harness. By the way, it is interesting to note that Mr. Leonard Courtney voted with the Little Englanders against the Uganda vote, in spite of Mr. Chamberlain's vigorous advocacy of an Imperial policy in South Africa. But Mr. Leonard Courtney is so independent that he really constitutes a party by himself.

## THE MAN WHO WOULD BE BANKRUPT.

Mr. William O'Brien had a receiving order made against him on Wednesday, and his bankruptcy vacates his seat for Cork City. The petitioning creditor was Mr. Chance, M.P., the brother Nationalist who acted as Mr. O'Brien's solicitor in his action against Lord Salisbury. Mr. Chance foolishly expected Mr. O'Brien to pay his solicitor's fees, but the high-souled patriot has steadily declined, on the principle that his action was on behalf of the Irish Party, and that the funds of the Irish Party should be used to remunerate Mr. Chance. The whole thing is a pitiful, sordid business, and it shows up the patriotic gentleman, who once made such a fuss about his trousers, in anything but a complimentary light. As a matter of fact, Mr. O'Brien's wife's relations, and some of his English political friends, offered to pay the money; but he would not allow them, as he maintained that it was all part of a conspiracy to drive him out of public life. Anybody but an Irishman would have thought that that was all the more reason for paying the money and defeating the conspiracy. But Mr. O'Brien is no ordinary Irishman. As far as his disappearance from Parliament goes, the only difference it makes is to lose the Government a vote until his successor is elected. Mr. O'Brien has long ceased to be a politician of any practical importance whatever.

## MR. GULLY'S LITTLE JOKE.

The new Speaker has distinctly scored off the Ultra-Radical members who petitioned him to allow them to appear at his reception without putting on Court dress. Mr. Gully has considered the petition for a month or so, and has now answered that he does not intend to have any receptions this session at which Court dress would be *de rigueur*! A more polite way of telling these obtrusive M.P.'s to wait till they are invited could hardly have been thought of. The new Speaker has decidedly "caught on" in the House of Commons.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

There has been no end of talk about the mystery of the Government's sessional policy, and, lo! the curtain has been lifted, and there is no mystery at all. Sir William Harcourt has explained his policy, and the explanation has been as simple as a child's puzzle. There is to be no closure, there is to be no time-limit, there is to be no dissolution. The Government is simply to go pegging away at their big Bills and their little Bills until they are carried. Of course, this looks at first sight as if it might portend a general massacre of the innocents. This, however, is not the case. Whether Sir William be or be not as enthusiastic as some of his followers in the cause of the Government's success, he is certainly a most shrewd and adroit Parliamentary leader; and he is not the man to sacrifice his reputation by a sterile session. Nor do I think the session will be sterile. The excellent Mr. Smith had a very simple but very ingenious plan for making a session profitable, and especially for getting work out of the House in the intervals before the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays. "Give me my Bills," he said, "and you shall have a long holiday; refuse them, and you shall have a short one." This schoolboy kind of tactics answered very well; and Sir William is now applying it to the whole Parliamentary session. In other words, Ministers are quite prepared to go on to the end of the year without any respite if obstruction on the Welsh Bill, the Irish Land Bill, and other measures of the session, develops to such a degree that it is impossible to secure an autumn adjournment.

## A CLEVER LEADER.

Will this happen, however? I do not think it will. The Welsh Bill is, of course, the subject of tedious and purposeless debate. But even in regard to this Bill there is not the same organised and persistent obstruction that applied to the Home Rule Bill. The fate of the measure in the Lords is certain; the Opposition is rather languid, casual in attendance, and Mr. Balfour keeps back a fighting policy. There is no doubt that Sir William manages him much as he manages Mr. Akers Douglas. In fact, this big, powerful, strong-tempered, impulsive, but very wily man has acquired a kind of dominance over all other personalities in the House which is very striking, and is a great tribute to the force which lies behind his mixed and very interesting character. He is, in many respects, a much better Leader of the House of Commons than Mr. Gladstone. He knows how to make use of little odds and ends of time; he is full of resources; he knows much more about the forms of the House than Mr. Balfour—who is indifferent to detail, and, for so great a public figure, really an idle man—and he does not create friction as Mr. Gladstone did by making long oratorical speeches when half-a-dozen words would suffice. I must say that, if he had shown as much private tact as he has shown public adroitness, he would by this time have been Prime Minister in Lord Rosebery's place. This, however, he has not done, and his record will simply be that of, perhaps, the cleverest Leader of the House that we have ever known. He has more force than Mr. Smith, more "go" than Mr. Balfour, and more resource and reserve-power than Lord Randolph.

## NO DISSOLUTION.

Meanwhile, we may safely assume that there will be no dissolution this summer, unless the Local Veto Bill is defeated on second reading. The Bill is not liked; Liberal members grumble against it; no one, save a few temperance zealots who may be counted on the fingers of two hands, is really enthusiastic. But, still, the measure has a certain moral force behind it, and there is also a dislike to the way in which the claims of the publicans are being pressed to such an extent as to threaten the independence of our politics. These factors are creating a reaction in favour of Local Veto, and I should say more members of the Cabinet to-day are in favour of the second reading being taken, or attempted, than there were a month ago. Moreover, I think it is safe to assume that Sir William can, in this respect, have his way. He is the strongest man in the Cabinet; he is master of the business of the House of Commons; the Bill is his own; and, though I do not think he will get what he wants—which, I fancy, is dissolution—he will, I think, get second reading. The Cabinet are, of course, somewhat fearful that the temperance question will swamp every other, and will prevent a rehearing of the case against the House of Lords on which the election is to be based. All this is very reasonable, and makes Local Option, not itself a very workable measure, wear a dubious aspect; still, I fancy that, in spite of many forces on the other side, the second reading will be taken.

The *Realm*, the bright weekly review which was started six months ago, has reached its thirty-first number. Lady Colin Campbell, who has the interests of the new paper very much at heart, was, unfortunately, taken ill after the successful production of the first number; but, in spite of this and other less serious mishaps, the *Realm* has made a distinct position for itself in modern journalism. The "Personal Recollections" column is a unique feature which has had to bear the penalty of success by being consistently borrowed from on all sides. The same remark applies to the social paragraphs, which are always exceptionally well-informed. For the rest, the review is noticeably literary in tone. It is never dull, and its politics, though uncompromisingly Conservative, are never allowed by the editor to show the least sign of the extravagance of partisanship.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, June 15, 1895.

There was some talk of the Bank lowering its rate of discount to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. this week; but the conservative tendencies of the Board prevailed, and this unheard-of course was not taken. What may happen in the future we do not know; but unless the various approaching financial operations, in the shape of new loans, bring about some change, we do not see how the invariable tradition, of a 2 per cent. rate being the minimum, can be maintained.

Upon the whole, prices are higher in nearly all departments, although the volume of business has not been large. First and second-class securities, such as Railway debentures and preferences, as well as Home and Colonial Corporation stocks, have been still further pushed up, and, in the case of the best of the latter securities, they yield such rates of interest, despite the rise, that we expect considerable improvement even yet. The end of the week has seen quite a revival in the African Mining market, caused not only by Paris buying, which seems to have revived, but also by Brussels coming to the rescue. We are bound to say that, outside the Kaffir Circus, stagnation continues, while the West Australian market is exactly what the dealers like to make it, for, despite the Londonderry news, the public is not buying. You ask what we think of the majority of the cheap shares which are being so industriously puffed in all sorts of rags, and we at once warn you against being caught by the trap, the *modus operandi* of which we exposed about six weeks ago. It is a perfect farce to make a law that shares shall not be issued at a discount, and then to allow it to be evaded in the way now so largely employed. We hear Simmer and Jack shares are going to 20, and Pleiades should be bought to average. The return of 194,580 ounces for May is another record, and, when a few of the deep-levels begin to produce gold, we fully expect to see even this greatly improved upon.

Except Great Easterns, nearly all Home Rails are better, but the market has been very quiet. We cannot help thinking that Metropolitan will have a fall upon the publication of the prospectus of the Central London line, as to which we will say a word later on.

Our advices from America furnish evidence of continued revival of business, and, with the improved position of wheat and the decline of the silver agitation, we quite expect a general improvement in prices of Yankee Rails. Northern and Union Pacifics have been the only weak shares, and even in these cases the declines have been but fractional. No doubt some heavy assessments will have to be paid, but they have been already discounted. In the Foreign market Mexicans again show a rise, and the July drawing of the City of Mexico Loan has taken place. We strongly recommend these bonds to those of your friends who desire a fair security, high interest, and a chance of a 25 per cent. bonus. The Russo-Chinese Loan has been dealt in at about 2 premium, although the issue price is not yet fixed, but it is as well to wait and see exactly what is going to be offered, and the uses to which the proceeds are to be put, before speculating. The better kind of Argentine Railway debentures, especially those we have been recommending to you, steadily creep up.

The returns of the Johannesburg Waterworks continue good, and we feel confident that the shares are a first-rate progressive investment. Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co. are to issue next week the Newfoundland 4 per cent. loan. Tenders will be called for, and the minimum price is said to be 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ , but probably the yield will be very little under par. It is said the issuing house has taken the whole, firm, at 94, but for this we do not vouch. Your friends will be fairly safe in subscribing, despite the fact that the bankers are making a good profit by the operation.

We explained to you the cause of the trouble in Mills' Day Dawn a fortnight ago, and since then we have had the advantage of a long talk with the largest holder of the company's shares, and a sight of, we believe, the only plan of the ground in this country. We understand that a certain ex-Charters Towers solicitor, of the name of W. L. Marsland—once famous for the flotation of the No. 2 Queen G. M. Company here in the days of the Colonial Exhibition—has sold out all his holding, upon the plea that certain outstanding allotments are in the way of future developments under the Queensland Mining Law as amended in 1892, and, having sold out, does not object to inform all the world of the unfavourable opinion which he holds of the concern. Whether or not this same gentleman is interested in the attempt to float these same allotments into a company here, we do not know, but such a plan is in the air, and being pushed by certain persons. We have examined the plan and the Mining Law, and we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that the ground owned by Mills' Day Dawn is sufficient for every purpose for many years to come, that there is no fear of any outstanding allotment being in the way of development works for at least five years, and that, as the Colonial law stands, no sane person would spend a shilling on sinking a shaft to tap the ground which, although within the boundary of the lease, does not belong to Mills' Day Dawn Company. To cut the reef would mean a sink of two thousand feet, three years' work, and, at least, an outlay of £70,000, and, when the shaft was down, it is almost certain that it would not bottom on gold, the only available spot being too far to the west. Holders of shares have no reason to fear the bogie which has been raised, and we advise your friends to buy more shares, and insist on delivery. The crushings may not be quite as good as usual for a few weeks, or perhaps months, because the Day Dawn Block battery is no longer available, and the ore has to be treated at several local mills; but

it is probable that the company will erect its own plant on the Burdekin River, unless the Day Dawn Block people discover that it pays better to crush for their neighbours, than keep sixty head of stamps going on the comparatively poor ore which they are now treating.

Mr. John Guthrie Lornie has not accepted the proposal we made, or furnished us with the names of any persons who had proved the value of his guarantee, and you may safely neglect the circulars he sends you.

The long-delayed Central Railway of London is to be issued almost immediately, if current report can be trusted, and should prove a good investment. The capital, we hear, will be £2,500,000, and is all underwritten. You must apply early if you want an allotment.

Mr. Frederick Walker asks us to say that cheques have been sent for the return in full of all subscriptions to the fund that was raised for proceedings against the old directors of the Trustees' Corporation, and that, if any of your friends have not received the correct amount, it will be a great convenience if they will at once communicate with him.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

S. Simon, Esq.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. J. S.—You had better consult a solicitor, or write to the *Echo*, where legal questions are answered for nothing. We do not profess to give legal opinions on the general law of warranty, about which we know—well, very little.

JEM.—(1) We don't think much of these shares, or the future prospects of the mine; but we have no special information. (2) We believe this concern has gone into liquidation; but, at any rate, the shares are quite unsaleable and valueless.

J. W. A.—We can only give names of dealers in lottery bonds by private letter, for which see Rule 5, in our issue of June 5 last.

J. W. M. J.—See this week's "Notes." We cannot get a copy of the plan, and there is not one belonging to the company in London.

NEWGATE.—(1) Very likely your brokers are right; but we had a letter from Africa after we first recommended these shares, on which we based the answer you saw. The property is, we have every reason to believe, a good one. (2) We should hold.

ANXIOUS (Keighley).—We should hold, but it is very doubtful if you will ever get out at the price you bought. There is pretty sure to be some manipulation of prices for the inevitable reorganisation, and you will probably be able to sell them at a better price than you could get now.

R. W. H.—We know nothing beyond the published reports, but the liability of £4 10s. per share is very heavy, and the concern is not in good odour. Ask your banker to inquire of his Bristol agents about the local standing and credit of the company.

SIGMA.—The Great De Kaap shares would suit you for a gamble. The word "Salatic" should have been "Silati" in last week's "Notes."

BRISTOL.—(1) See the last answer. (2) This week's "Notes" explains the situation. Buy a few more to average. (3) San Jorge, for choice.

F. Z.—The cutting you send must have been published under a mistake, as the shares are fully paid, and, as far as we know, there is no liability.

W. B.—We have no faith in the group. If you can afford the risk, hold for a revival, otherwise clear out. As to No. 4, there is no escape for you, as the company will not let you off in the way you suggest, and you are legally liable for the whole sum. If you could get out at a loss of £11, we should say you were a lucky fellow. We know nothing for or against the firm you mention, but they are members of the Stock Exchange, and, we think, quite safe to deal with.

H. H.—(1) The Chinese silver loan is a very good investment. The security is the Customs revenue of the treaty ports. (2) You had better see Londonderry out, especially as there seems a prospect of big returns after all, and it would be foolish to sell at this moment if you can afford the gamble. (3) We consider the preference shares first-rate, but, if you are satisfied with 6 per cent., buy the debentures at about par; they are, of course, safer, and the cheapest thing we know.

W. A. D.—We have returned the report, and should hold the shares rather than sell at present prices. Materials are cheap, and breweries should do well this year, if ever. The report seems honest, and the late debenture issue may reduce the charges for interest.

INFORTUNÉ.—(1) Any substantial revival in the general mining market would probably lead to a rise, but the public is not buying "rubbish" at the moment. Hold on if you are already in. (2) We believe, no chance. (3) See answer to "Sigma," and try Thistles. We hear that Phoebe (Charters Towers) are going to have a big rise. Buy fully paid shares only in this company.

R. S.—The concern is greatly over-capitalised, and we would not invest a penny in the ordinary shares.

ANXIOUS.—If you lend money on pawn-tickets you will certainly lose it, for there is a regular trade in making articles, pledging them for full value, and then selling the tickets. A loan-office was not applied to because the advertiser knew it was no use. We fear we are quite unable to show you a way of turning your £50 into £100; but, whatever you do, avoid speculating with the advertising brokers.

The Brighton Railway Company announce that, on and from July 1, the day special express service, *via* Newhaven and Dieppe, through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, now leaving London for Paris 9 a.m. every week-day and Sunday, will not leave until 10 a.m., and will be accelerated, to arrive in Paris 6.55 p.m.; and the similar day special express service now leaving Paris for London 9.30 a.m. every week-day and Sunday morning, will leave at 10 a.m., and be accelerated to arrive in London the same time as at present, 7 p.m.

On each of the race-days the South-Western Company will run fast trains from Waterloo from 9.30 a.m. to 12.45 p.m., to return after the races. A cheap third-class train will leave Waterloo at 8.35 a.m. on each race-day, calling at Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Richmond, Twickenham, Staines, and Virginia Water, returning from Ascot at 7 p.m. The same fares will be charged on all the race-days. Passengers can travel by the Great Western Railway to Windsor and thence through the charming scenery of Windsor Great Park on each of the race-days. Special fast trains for Windsor will leave Paddington at convenient times, returning in the evening. Well-appointed omnibuses will be provided to convey passengers from Windsor Station to the course and back.